CREEPSHOW™

TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!!! VOL. 2

"A MURDERER'S ROW OF CREATIVE TALENTS"
-SCREEN RANT

CREEPSHOW™

CARTEL

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STRANGE, EERIE, TERRIFYING!

CREEPSHOW™

FEATURING!

"MAKE YOUR CHOICE"

GARTH ENNIS ..... WRITER
BECKY CLOONAN ..... ARTIST
LEE LOUGHRIDGE ..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"FOSSIL RECORD"

PHIL HESTER ..... WRITER & ARTIST
ERIC GAPSTUR ..... INKER
MIKE SPICER ..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"THE MAN WITH NO EYES"

MICHAEL WALSH ... WRITER, ARTIST & COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"KEEP IT DOWN"

DAN WATTERS ..... WRITER
ABIGAIL LARSON ..... ARTIST & COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"ETERNITY, ETERNITY, ETERNITY"

ZOE THOROGOOD .. WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER

"SACRIFICES"

JOEL FARRELLY ..... WRITER
GORAN SUDŽUKA ..... ARTIST
IVE SVORCINA ..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"KILLER CART CORRAL"

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"BURNING AMBITION"

SALADIN AHMED ..... WRITER
ARTYOM TOPILIN ..... ARTIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"KEEP IT FED"

DAVID "DB" ANDRY & TIM DANIEL ..... WRITERS
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PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

GREG NICOTERO & BRIAN WITTEN ..... MASTERS OF HORROR
GUILLEM MARCH ..... COVER
ALEX ANTONE ..... EDITOR
JILLIAN CRAB ..... DESIGNER
RICHARD MERCADO ..... PRODUCTION
MICHAEL BROOM ..... ADDITIONAL CREEP ART

Art by **GUILLEM MARCH**

Well, here we are with more CREEPSHOW...as I've always said, *"You can't keep a good ghoul down."*

Now more than ever, these bite-sized horror jaunts are increasingly satisfying, and I'm delighted to be able to bring you a fresh batch. Our writers and artists have delivered 100-fold, not only honoring the genre, but keeping the spirit of CREEPSHOW alive. So sit back, turn down the lights and dive in...*if you dare!!!*

GREG NICOTERO

Paris, France (fighting zombies with Daryl Dixon)

"MAKE YOUR CHOICE"

WRITER
GARTH ENNIS

ARTIST
BECKY CLOONAN

COLORIST
LEE LOUGHRIDGE

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

If you or anyone you know is struggling or in crisis, help is available.

National Center for Missing & Exploited Children's CyberTipline
cybertipline.org | 1-800-THE-LOST

National Domestic Violence Hotline
thehotline.org | 1-800-799-7233

988 Suicide and Crisis Lifeline
988lifeline.org | 988

National Sexual Assault Hotline
rainn.org | 1-800-656-4673

National Human Trafficking Hotline
humantraffickinghotline.org
1-888-373-7888

PTSD Foundation of America
ptsdusa.org | 1-832-912-4429

MAKE YOUR CHOICE

EVER NOTICE HOW *FUNNY* SOME PEOPLE CAN BE ABOUT *CHILDREN,* CHILDREN?

HELL, THEY JUST *LOVE* THE LITTLE TYKES! MATTER OF FACT, PUSH 'EM *FAR ENOUGH,* THEY GET DOWNRIGHT *MURDEROUS* ON THE SUBJECT! BUT...IS IT THE *REALITY* OF KIDS THEY'RE IN LOVE WITH-- OR JUST THE *IDEA...?*

URRRGGGHHH...

OOOHHHHH...

HNNNGGHHHHH--!

GAAHH!!

...WHOOF.

OH BOY. I TELL YA...

FEED MEEEEEEEE

I GOTTA LAY OFF THE BARBECUE.

FEED MEEEEEEEE

I--

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME

GOD ALL-FUCKIN' MIGHTY!!

WESLEY?

UH--
AAH--
WHA--?

WESLEY, WAS THAT YOU?

THAT BLASPHEMY I HEARD JUST NOW? SINCE WHEN DO YOU--?

HORRNKK!

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME

JESUS CHRIST ON THE COCKSUCKIN' CROSS!

WESLEY!

OH, GOD! OH, NO!

WESLEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE--?

CAROL-ANN, HELP ME! ***HELP!***

COME IN, HONEY! YOU GOTTA SEE THIS! OH, DEAR LORD ABOVE US, IT'S THE WORK OF SATAN HIMSELF!

SEE...?

IN THE COMMODE! THE TUB! ***LOOK AT THEM!***

BUT-- BUT--BUT--!

DAMMIT, WOMAN, THEY WERE RIGHT THERE...!

UM...I'M LOOKING...

ASHOOO!

SHIT!

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME

OH--!

HELL, WES, DID YOU JUST TRUST A FART?

NEVER TRUST A FART, BOY! FIRST RULE IN LIFE!

AW, GODDAMMIT!

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME

...AND THEY SAY, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE? *CHOOSE?* THEY WANT TO CHOOSE WHETHER A *BABY,* AN INNOCENT BABY, HAS THE *RIGHT TO LIVE?*

SINNERS! I CALL THEM SINNERS! I CALL--

OH JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, *SORRY--!*

WESLEY--?

I--I--!

COVER YORE MOUTH IF YOU GONNA DO THAT! AN' SINCE WHEN DO *YOU* USE THEM WORDS IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD?

SHOCKING!

DISGRACEFUL!

BELCHING IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, NO LESS!

B-B-BUT CAN'T YOU *SEE IT...?*

WHAT THE HELL IS GOIN' ON?!

I MEAN THE *UNBORN,* WHAT KINDA SICK SHIT IS THAT? I'M A *FRIEND* TO THE INNOCENT! NONE GREATER!

AIN'T NO ONE *DONATED* MORE'N ME-- AIN'T NO ONE *PROTESTED* MORE'N ME, OUTSIDE OF THEM EVIL DEATH FACTORY CLINICS! SO HOW COME *I'M THE ONE* SUFFERIN' THIS TORMENT--?

BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE SEEING IT, WESLEY...!

OH, WELL, SINCE WHEN DO YOU SEE *ANYTHIN',* CAROL-ANN?

AN' WHO'S THAT AT THE GODDAMN DOOR--?

I SWEAR, IF YOU KNEW HALF THE THINGS I--

AAAAAH! AAAAAH! NO! NO! NO!

FEED ME CLOTHE ME RAISE ME

TELL US ALL THE THINGS YOU DID

OH GOD--OH JESUS--!

YOU DONATED YOU PROTESTED AND YOU...?

OH GOD! I DIDN'T--I--

I KNOW THEM BOYS SET THE FIRE IN THAT PLACE, BUT THERE WAS LITTLE BABIES GETTIN' KILLED THERE! THE WORK OF SATAN HIMSELF! AN' I KNOW I PUT 'EM UP TO IT, I KNOW, BUT I DIDN'T MEAN FOR FOLKS TO GET HURT!

I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, I SWEAR TO--

DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM

YOU WON'T FEED US

YOU WON'T CLOTHE US

YOU WON'T RAISE US

YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT HAPPENS NOT TO US

NOT TO WHO BEARS US

JUST SO LONG AS WE'RE BORN

WAIT! WAIT A MINUTE!

NOW I ADMIT IT, I ADMIT I DID THEM THINGS! AND I-I-I AIN'T ASHAMED, NOT OF THWARTIN' THE DEVIL'S DEEDS! BUT THERE'S ***MILLIONS*** OF FOLK FEEL THE WAY I DO!

I DON'T BELIEVE EVERYONE GETS THIS! JESUS CHRIST, I'D'VE HEARD!

I MEAN, GODDAMN, COME ON, WHAT IS IT ABOUT ***ME?!***

JESSICA

JESSICA?

THE ONE TIME

NO, WAIT! WAIT! SHE HAD TO DO THAT!

THE ONE TIME

IT WOULDA RUINED ME, A MAN OF MY STANDIN'! IT WOULDA DESTROYED MY REPUTATION!

SHE HAD TO HAVE THAT DAMN PROCEDURE!

STOP THAT, WHATEVER YOU ARE! DON'T YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

AN' I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! I DIDN'T WANT THAT! I WISH SHE WAS STILL WITH US NOW!

BUT SHE GAVE IN TO TEMPTATION, SHE-- SHE ***SINNED...***

I MEAN JESUS CHRIST.

WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE?

WHAT CHOICE DID YOU HAVE

IT...IT COULDN'T BE ONE OF THEM PLACES, THEM CLINICS...EVERYONE I KNOW WOULD RECOGNIZE HER...

WHAT CHOICE DID YOU HAVE

NAAAAAAAHHHH...!

WESLEY?

HOW DID SHE GET PREGNANT, REALLY?

NOT THAT HORSESHIT ABOUT THE BOY ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM, I BEEN TRYING TO BELIEVE THAT FOR FAR TOO LONG.

REALLY.

OH DEAR GOD ABOVE, THE DEVIL GOT INTO HER!

THE LORD OF THE FLIES, BEELZEBUB, HE GOT INTO HER WHEN SHE CAME OF AGE AND HE SENT HER TO TEMPT ME!

MY OWN DAUGHTER AND HE USED HER AGAINST ME--HER BEAUTY, HER SWEETNESS, HER INNOCENCE!

AND I COULDN'T RESIST--AND I HAD TO HAVE IT TAKEN CARE OF--I--

SO HOW THE FUCK DID SHE END UP, *WES?*

SOME BUTCHER IN A BASEMENT WITH A COUPLE OF GODDAMNED KNITTING NEEDLES?

C...C... CAROL-ANN?

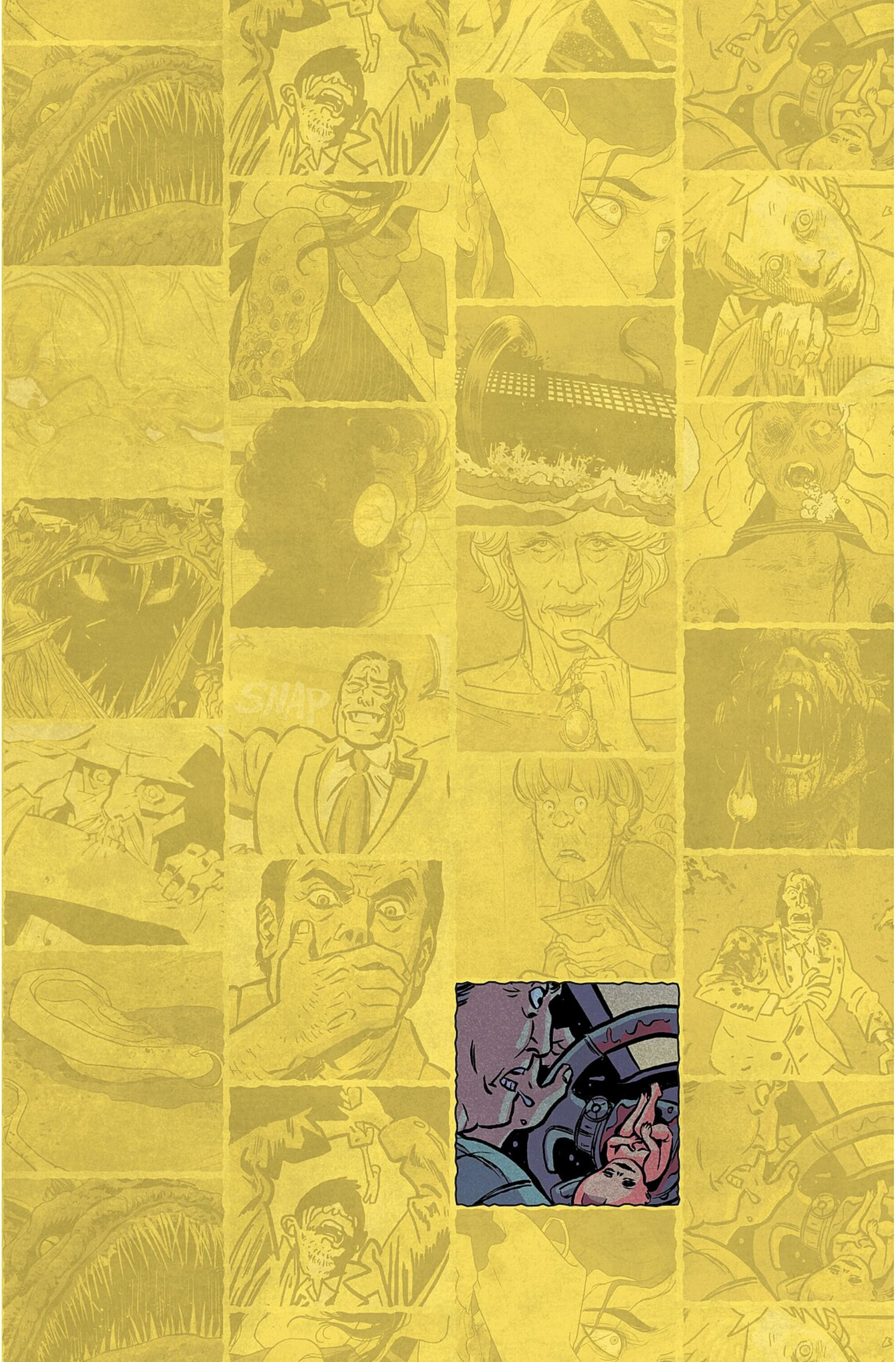
YOU--YOU PUT THAT DOWN NOW, THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FOR HOME DEFENSE--!

YOU PUT THAT FUCKIN' THING D--

LOOKS LIKE CAROL-ANN'S PERFORMED A LITTLE PROCEDURE OF HER OWN! AH, WELL-- HER CHOICE!

AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU DIFFERENT! *GOOD NIGHT!*

THE END



"FOSSIL RECORD"

WRITER & PENCILLER
PHIL HESTER

INKER
ERIC GAPSTUR

COLORIST
MIKE SPICER

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

WHY DO YOU BURY YOUR SISTERS IN THE GROUND BELOW, WHEN YOUR GOD ***SLEEPS*** IN THE SKY ABOVE?

PEOPLE BURY ALL THE UGLY THINGS THEY DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH ANYMORE. THEIR GARBAGE, THEIR WASTE...THEIR ***DEAD.***

BUT SOME OF US ARE PARTIAL TO DIGGING THINGS UP. LIKE OUR FRIEND ***AUGUST HODGSON*** OVER THERE. HE'S A PALEONTOLOGIST AND A ***MOMMA'S BOY,*** ONLY HIS MOMMA IS NO MORE.

HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THERE ARE THINGS DEEP IN THE EARTH THAT PREDATE THE PALTRY EVIL OF THE HUMAN RACE.

AN UGLY TRUTH THAT CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN THE...

WE SHOULD ***BURN*** OUR FLESH, AND SEND OUR SMOKE TOWARD HEAVEN, RATHER THAN PLANT OURSELVES LIKE SEEDS IN THE GROUND.

JESUS WEPT.

LIKE A CROP TO BE ***HARVESTED.***

I KNOW MOM'S DEATH WAS HARD ON AUGUST, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH.

I'M ON IT.

OKAY, BUDDY. THAT'S ENOUGH.

NO! YOU HAD YOUR PRECIOUS SCRIPTURE READING AT THE CHURCH!

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF ***GOTTLIEB--***

YAAH!

WAY TO GO, *DOUCHE.*

FOR GOD'S SAKE, AUGUST.

IMAGINE *MOTHER* SEEING YOU ROLLING AROUND IN HER GRAVE LIKE THIS!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

BISSET HALL GEOLOG

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HEINRICH'S POETRY WOULD BE *WASTED* ON THOSE *FOOLS.*

JUST LIKE HIS *THEORIES.* WASTED ON THE HIDEBOUND MINDS RUNNING THIS VERY UNIVER--

GAAHHH!

RELAX, AUGUST. IT'S ONLY A *MODEL.* ONE OF *DR. HEINRICH'S.*

ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU'RE DIGGING FOR DOWN HERE IN HIS OLD OFFICE? ONE MORE OF HIS OUTLANDISH THEORIES TO PLUNDER?

OOOOH! PROFESSOR BORGES!

LOOK, I REALIZE YOUR MOTHER'S ILLNESS WAS HARD ON YOU.

BUT YOUR STUDENTS TELL ME THEY'VE DONE NOTHING THIS SEMESTER BUT APPLY YOUR NEW IMAGING SOFTWARE TO OUR FOSSIL REPOSITORY--

--WHILE *YOU* SKULK AROUND *DOWN HERE.*

I KNOW DEPRESSION CAN MAKE WORK SEEM POINTLESS--

BUT, PROFESSOR BORGES, I *HAVE* BEEN WORKING. ONLY MY WORK TOOK ME PLACES I WASN'T READY TO GO.

PLACES *NO ONE* IS READY TO GO.

A-214

LOOK WHAT MY SOFTWARE REVEALED ON OVER SEVENTY PERCENT OF TRILOBITES FROM THE PERMIAN EXTINCTION.

A PREVIOUSLY UNDETECTABLE *WOUND.*

HE RESULT OF AN *ARMOR-PIERCING PROBOSCIS* OF SOME KIND.

THE FAINT TRILOBITES NEARBY ARE *LURES,* FAMILIAR FORMS THAT WON'T ALARM THEIR PREY, *APPENDAGES* OF A LARGER ORGANISM.

WHEN THE LURE IS NO LONGER NEEDED, IT *WITHERS,* TOO EPHEMERAL TO FULLY FOSSILIZE.

HEINRICH ONLY *THEORIZED,* BUT I HAVE *PROOF!* THE GREAT EXTINCTIONS OF THE FOSSIL RECORD ARE *NOT* ENVIRONMENTAL--

--BUT THE RESULT OF PREDATION FROM AN ORGANISM WE CANNOT EVEN *BEGIN* TO COMPREHEND.

A *PERFECT PREDATOR* THAT PERSISTS TO THIS DAY. *STILL HUNTING.*

I SHOULD HAVE HAD THIS OFFICE CLEARED *DECADES AGO,* BEFORE IT COULD INSPIRE THIS MANIA IN YOU.

BUT GOTTLIEB WAS SUCH A COMPELLING PERSONALITY. BRILLIANT, *INTENSE.* MUCH LIKE YOU.

BUT HIS WORK LED TO *OBSESSION,* AND OBSESSION TO *MADNESS.*

HE EVENTUALLY CRASHED OUT OF THE DISCIPLINE ALTOGETHER, BECAME A *POET,* MOVED TO SOME HIPPIE COMMUNE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

AND ALL BECAUSE HE TROD THE SAME SHAKY GROUND YOU'RE ON NOW.

"TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FOLLOW HIM."

INCREDIBLE. THIS OLD BARN HAS EVEN MORE EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK THAN HIS LAB.

HEINRICH WANTED A FARM NEAR AS HE COULD GET TO THE *CEMETERY,* GOD KNOWS WHY.

HE USED TO COME OUT OF THE HOLE TO WRITE LETTERS, READ HIS POETRY, MEET HIS FANS--*ODD PEOPLE,* THOSE.

ALL HE DOES NOW IS *DIG.* LIKE HE'S RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHY, MRS. KENT. IF I COULD JUST TALK TO HIM.

I SEND HIS FOOD DOWN THE HOLE. I BRING HIS WASTE BUCKET UP.

YOU WANT TO TALK TO OLD MAN HEINRICH, *YOU* GO DOWN THE HOLE, TOO.

JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T COME BACK UP *IN THE BUCKET.*

DON'T TOUCH ME!

GAAAHH!

OHHH. OH, GOD.

HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN DOWN HERE, PROFESSOR?

PROFESSOR HEINRICH? OH, NO, NO, NO--

NO.

AAAGH!

PROFESSOR HEINRICH?

YOU A *LIVE* ONE?

SPEAK UP, SON. YOU *ALIVE OR DEAD?*

A--ALIVE, I SUPPOSE. I'M A PALEONTOLOGIST, TOO.

I SHARE YOUR HYPOTHESIS THAT THE GREAT EXTINCTIONS WERE ACTUALLY THE WORK OF AN *UNDISCOVERED SUPER PREDATOR.*

AH, NO, NO. YOU'VE GOT IT *ALL WRONG,* BOY.

THEY AREN'T PREDATORS, THEY'RE *FARMERS.* AND WE'RE THEIR CROP!

THEY'VE FED ON *EVERY ONE* OF OUR ANCESTORS, *BENDING* OUR EVOLUTION EPOCH AFTER EPOCH. WE'RE LIKE MICE BOUND TO CATS BY *TOXOPLASMOSIS.*

SO THEY CAN SUCK THEM DRY, *CHANGE* THEM, TURN THEM INTO *DECOYS* LIKE THOSE PHANTOM TRILOBITES.

CHANGE THEM AND SEND THEM AFTER *US!*

THEY'RE NOT ANYWHERE IN THE FOSSIL RECORD BECAUSE *THEY NEVER DIE,* DON'T YOU SEE?

BUT IF I HAD ANOTHER DIGGER, A *YOUNG* DIGGER...

THEY SLEEP SOMEWHERE BELOW--MIXOPTERUSES METERS LONG, MAYBE *KILOMETERS.* AND WHEN THEIR CROP IS RIPE, THEY RISE TO HARVEST.

DON'T *TOUCH ME,* PLEASE. I DON'T LIKE TO BE--

WE COULD FIND THEM TOGETHER!

HAHAHAH--
HEH...

MRS. KENT?

YOU, TOO. JUST LIKE HEINRICH.

THEY FEED ON THE DEAD, AND THE *DEAD* FEED ON THE LIVING, PASSING NUTRIENTS THROUGH THESE FIBROUS FILAMENTS.

ONCE FED, THE BONDS WITHER. A GREAT *CHAIN OF CONSUMPTION.*

A NETWORK TOO VAST AND DELICATE TO EVER BE PRESERVED.

THE DEAD BECOME THEIR *PUPPETS.* HEINRICH, KENT...

...MOTHER.

MUST NOT LET THEM TAKE MO--

SSSHAAAHH!

OF COURSE THEY'D BE HERE ALREADY. THE GRAVEYARD IS WHERE THE HARVEST BEGINS.

BUT MAYBE THEY HAVEN'T REACHED MOTHER YET.

MAYBE I CAN STILL FREE HER.

HODGSON

I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE, MOTHER. I WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU!

I WON'T--

SHAAAH!

POOR AUGUST. HE WAS STARK RAVING AT THE END THERE, WASN'T HE?

WAS IT REAL OR JUST A NIGHTMARE? A VIVID NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE?

HEH. EITHER WAY, YOU COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR SAYING IT WAS "ALL IN HIS HEAD."

SCHRAK-KK!

THE END

AAGH!

SHOK!

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!

VRUUUMMM!

PLINK!

SKRUUTCH!

PSSSHH!

SHE--SHE CAN'T BECOME ONE OF THESE *THINGS.*

NOT MY MOTHER!

THEY MAY HAVE RULED THIS WORLD FOR EONS.

BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE MOTHER!

G--GET BACK!

DON'T MAKE ME--

SHUNK!

SHLUK!

IT-- IT CAN'T BE.

JUST LIKE THE TRILOBITES. JUST LIKE--

AHAHAHAHAA!

SWAP

"THE MAN WITH NO EYES"

WRITER, ARTIST & COLORIST
MICHAEL WALSH

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

KSHHHHHHHHHHHH

CLIK

HEY, BUD...

...YOU'RE UP *EARLY.* SLEEP OKAY?

...UHM.

DAN, YOU WANT SOME CEREAL.

NO THANKS.

CLK

...DRILLS THE 25-YARD FIELD GOAL TO GIVE BUFFALO THE 32-29 WIN OVER NEW YORK, CLINCHING THEIR PLAYOFF BERTH.

ANYTHING *GOOD* ON LAST NIGHT?

UM...THERE WAS THIS WEIRD MAGIC SHOW.

THE MAGIC MAN WAS ACTUALLY TALKING TO ME AND...AND DOING *TRICKS* FOR ME!

HE...HE WAS SHOWING ME THINGS, *WEIRD* THINGS, BUT I LIKED--

ZZZ

Hic

ZZZZZ

OH, DAN, MY MAN, WHATEVER ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT *FALL-DOWN* FATHER OF YOURS?

HE REALLY DESERVES A GOOD SLEEP...DONTCHA THINK?

...GADZOOKS, **SUPER JUMPSTER!** WE'LL NEVER CATCH THE BAD GUYS NOW!

...TAKE IT EASY, PARD'NER. WOULDN'T WANT TO START SOMETHING YA CAN'T **FINISH**...

...M'AAM, I HEARD YOU WERE IN **NEED** OF A PLUMBER?

...OH, OH, BABY...

...DAN, PSSSST. WAKE UP, YOUNG LAD. I'VE GOT SOME **TRICKS** TO SHOW YOU...

WHA--

THAT'S RIGHT, DAN, **MAGIC** TRICKS!

DON'T YOU WAN'T TO **SEE** MY MAGIC?

zzzzzzzz--

AGK!

SHIT, SHIT! WHAT TIME IS IT?

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN SLEEPING?

8 7 6 5 4

Frank

DAMNIT, DAN! YOU SHOULD HAVE WOKE ME UP. I'M GOING TO BE FUCKING LATE!

SORRY, DAD...I--

OUCH!

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE WORDS ABOUT THIS WHEN I GET BACK FROM WORK.

SLAM

WHAT A BEAST, A HORRID LITTLE MAN. LOOK HERE, MY BOY, I'LL MAKE IT BETTER.

The Man with No Eyes

WHEN YOU WERE A KID, DIDN'T YOU JUST *LOVE* STAYING UP PAST BEDTIME AND SNEAKING IN A SCARY SHOW? GLUED TO THE TV, YOU JUST COULDN'T *PEEL YOUR EYES* AWAY...

...ONE SHOW, IN PARTICULAR, IS SURE TO SEND SHIVERS DOWN THE SPINE. STAY UP LATE ENOUGH AND YOU MIGHT JUST FIND...

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING, DAN? *LOOK* AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU.

YES, DAD.

THEN *WHAT* DID I SAY, DAMNIT?

DON'T STAY UP TOO LATE, DON'T WATCH TOO MUCH TV, BRUSH MY TEETH BEFORE BED... AND...AND--

AND *LATCH* THE DOOR WHEN I LEAVE.

LOOK, I KNOW EVERYTHING'S *DIFFERENT* SINCE YOUR MOM LEFT...

I--I CAN'T AFFORD A SITTER, SO YOU'VE JUST GOT TO BE A BIG GUY NOW.

I'VE GOT ONE MORE WEEK OF *NIGHT* SHIFTS, AND THEN THINGS'LL BE EASIER.

"I PROMISE."

CLIK

CLNK CLNK CLNK CLNK

CLK

GADERNMED KEYS...DON'T FECKIN ƎHIC∃ FIT IN THE--

FSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

GODDAMNED LATE ONE SHITTING TIME ƎHIC∃ FIRE ME? HARDEST WERKING ƎHIC∃ HARDEST WERK--

EH!

YER SUPPOSED TO BE IN ***BED.*** YOU INSHOLENT... LIDDLE.

THAT TV... ALWAYS WITH THE GED DEMMEDD ***TELEVISION.***

THAT GOOD FER NOTHING--

DADDY, PLEASE!

DON'T! I'LL BE ALL ***ALONE.***

YOU'RE NOT **MAN** ENOUGH, YOU TINY, **INSIGNIFICANT** FAILURE.

PUTRID FUCKING **WORM.**

KRSH

I...I'M =KOFF= GOING TO... BED.

WE'LL TALK =HRK= LATER.

HE DIDN'T *HAVE* TO--

DAN, THAT'S *ALRIGHT.*

I'M HERE...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE *ALONE.*

YOU CAN WATCH MY SHOW *ALL THE TIME!*

YOU'LL *NEVER* HAVE TO *STOP* WATCHING IT.

I'D JUST ASK YOU FOR ONE EENSY WEENSY, TEENY *TINY* LITTLE THING.

BUT... I DON'T HAVE *ANYTHING* TO GIVE YOU?

OH, BUT YOU *DO,* CHILD...

...YOU DO.

NOW, COME CLOSER, DARLING.

JUST TAKE A LOOK IN MY HAT.

TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK.

OH...
OH, GOD.

UGH. SHIT.

UGHHH.

SLRP...

OH, UM. HEY, BUDDY.

I'M... ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

I WAS JUST...

...IT'S BEEN HARD WITH YOUR MOM GONE.

AND THINGS AT WORK HAVE BEEN...I PROMISE I'LL GET YOU A NEW--

IT'S OKAY, DAD.

I DON'T NEED THE TV ANYMORE.

I CAN STILL WATCH THE *MAGIC MAN.*

WHAT?

...I'M *WATCHING* HIM RIGHT NOW.

DO YOU WANT TO WATCH HIM *TOO,* DADDY?

JESUS, WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED TO--

OKAY, JUST PUT THE GLASS DOWN, BUDDY.

WE CAN WATCH HIM *TOGETHER.*

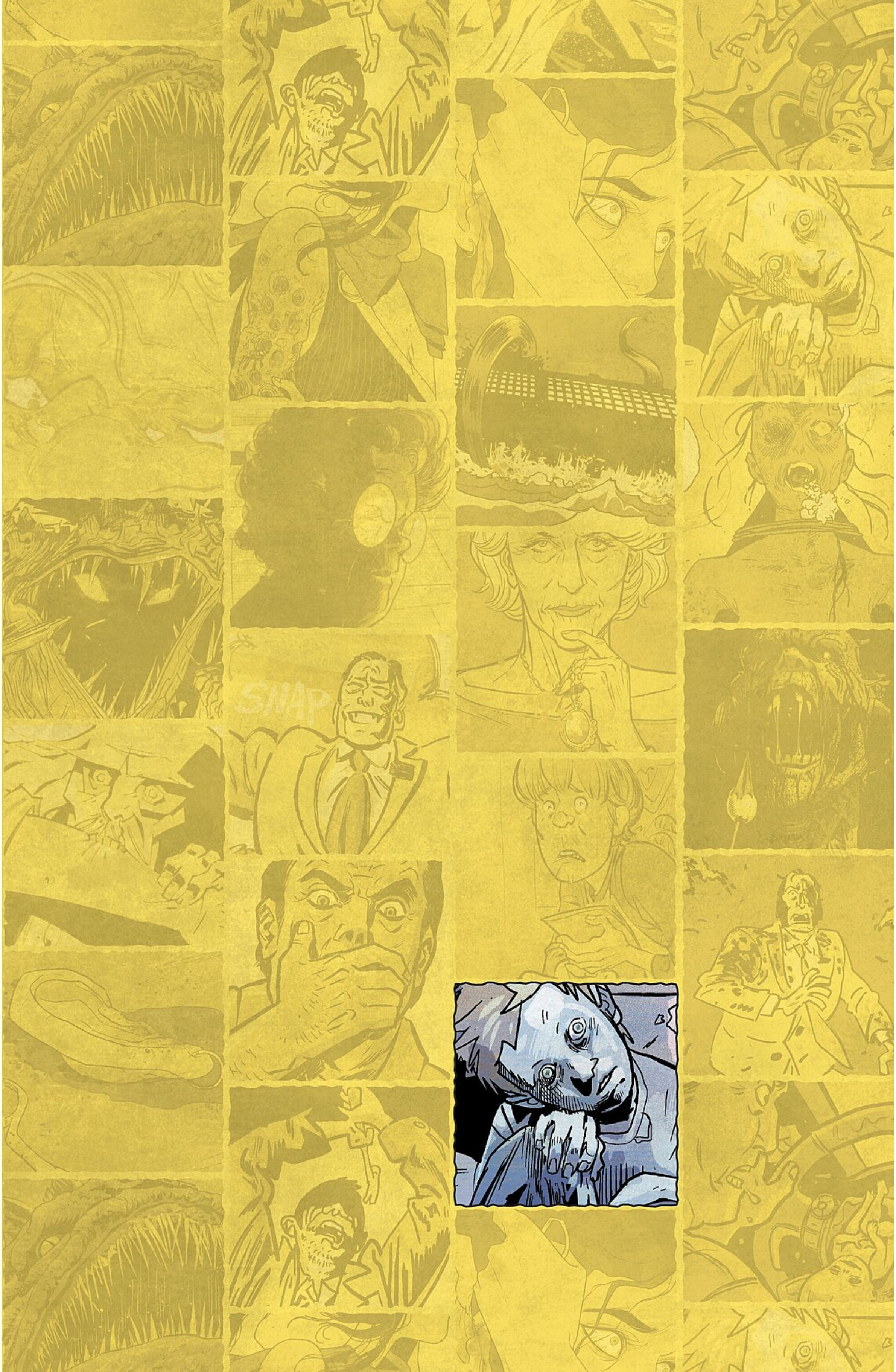
NO.

ISN'T IT *BEAUTIFUL?* THE SWEET SOUNDS OF A FATHER AND SON *FINALLY* GETTING SOME *QUALITY* BONDING TIME, HEH HEH.

SPLAT THK THK THUK

AS FOR THAT DASTARDLY "MAGIC MAN"...KEEP THOSE EYES ON YOUR TELEVISION, AND YOU MIGHT JUST CATCH HIM AND HIS SKITTERING LITTLE BUDDY WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, HEH HEH *HAHAHAHAHA.*

THE END



KEEP IT DOWN

HAVE YOU EVER HAD TROUBLE SLEEPING?

AMY HASN'T. HER GRANDMOTHER ALWAYS SAID SHE SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD... AND SNORED LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THEM!

UNFORTUNATELY, AMY'S ABOUT TO LEARN JUST HOW TRUE THAT IS, IN A BEDTIME STORY I CALL...

IT WASN'T SO BAD AT FIRST.

SHE KNEW IT WAS HER JOB NOW THAT GRANDMOTHER HAD PASSED--AS IT HAD BEEN THE JOB OF EVERY WOMAN IN THEIR FAMILY LINE.

OH. HELLO.

THE BLAVATSKY WOMEN COULD SEE ACROSS THE VEIL TO THE BEYOND. THEY COULD SEE THE DEAD, AND THE DEAD COULD SEE THEM...

...SO IT FELL TO THEM TO KEEP THE GHOSTS COMPANY.

I JUST NEED SOMEBODY TO HEAR ME.

"KEEP IT DOWN"

WRITER
DAN WATTERS

ARTIST & COLORIST
ABIGAIL LARSON

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

THE FIRST SPIRIT TOLD AMY OF THE BEYOND. OF THE HOWLING DARK THE DEAD FEARED TO LOOK INTO--AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS THAT WOULD TAKE THEM WHEN THEY WERE READY TO GO.

SHE SHIVERED, ENRAPTURED, KNOWING HOW PRIVILEGED SHE WAS TO GLIMPSE BEYOND OUR MORTAL KEN.

THE GHOSTS TOLD AMY OF THEIR LIVES. OF TIMES LONG PAST AND THE REGRETS AND FEARS THAT KEPT THEM TETHERED TO THIS PLANE.

SHE EMPATHIZED AND SYMPATHIZED AND MADE ALL THE RIGHT NOISES IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.

BUT MORE OF THEM CAME. AND THEY KEPT TELLING HER THINGS...

WE HEARD YOU'D MAYBE RELAY MESSAGES TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING...I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR MY--

SOMETHING IN THE DARK, SLEEPING, TERRIBLE AND DRIPPING--

I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT THESE NEW THINGS MY GRANDCHILDREN--

...AND THEY WOULD NOT STOP.

AMY LISTENED TO THE TALES OF GHOSTS AS SHE ATE HER TOAST IN THE MORNING.

SHE WAS REGALED WITH UNWANTED DRIVING TIPS AS SHE MADE HER WAY TO WORK.

DATES WERE RUINED BY A CACOPHONY OF SPIRITS, INDIGNANT SHE WAS SO CLEARLY TRYING TO IGNORE THEM.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE VOICES OF GHOSTS TO THE SENSITIVE EAR. THEY CUT THROUGH EARPLUGS.
THROUGH MUSIC AND THE SOUND OF TRAFFIC AND EVEN SLEEP.

SO ANYWAY, THEN I SAYS TO HIM--
A BEAST AT THE BOTTOM OF A PIT, ALWAYS WAITING, LISTENING--
WHAT EVEN IS A TIK TOK?
AND THEY DO NOT STOP.

SHUT UUUP!

OH, HANG ON--

IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF--

IF YOU SIMPLY LISTEN TO WHAT I'M TELLING YOU, IT MEANS--

NO. NO MORE!

WHY DO YOU THINK I WANT TO HEAR ANY OF THIS?

WHY WOULD I WANT TO LISTEN TO THIS WHINING AND MOANING AND DRONING?

PLEASE, JUST STOP.

WELL, THAT'S NOT VERY NICE.

I'LL DO IT, I SWEAR.

IN MY DAY WE HAD MANNERS.

MINE, TOO!

I REALLY WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, AFTER ALL THERE'S A THING--

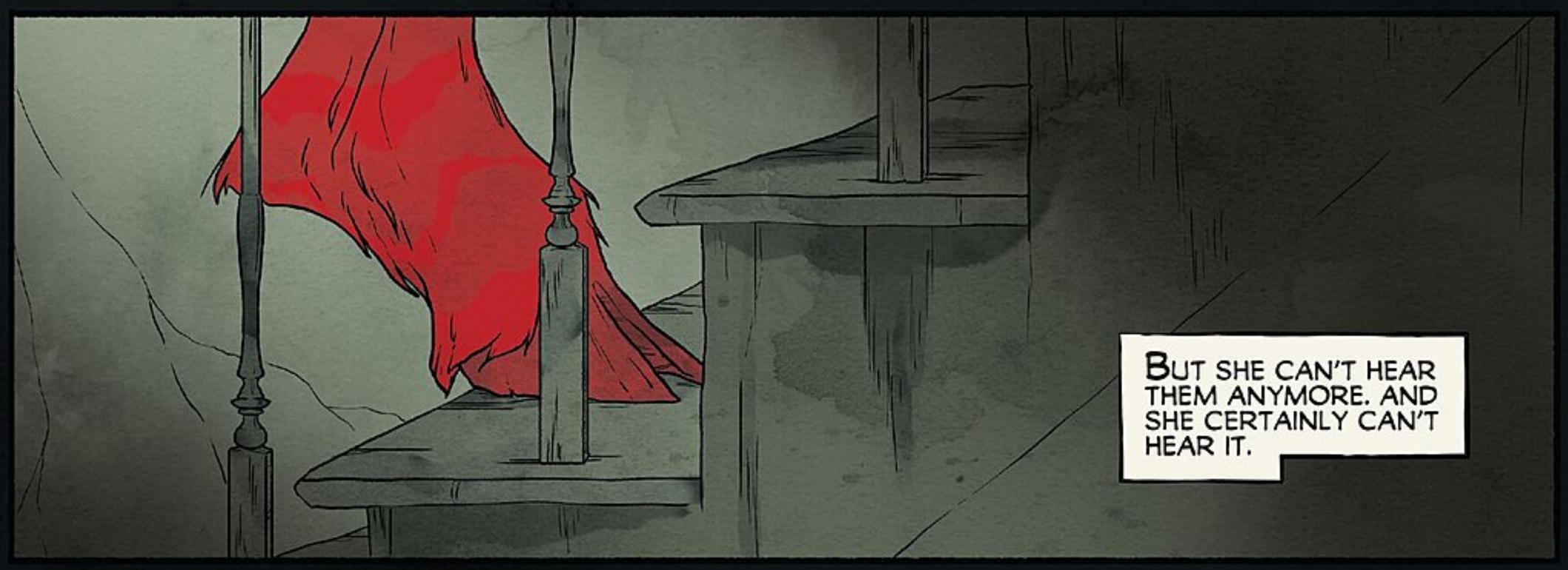
I WANT TO SLEEP.

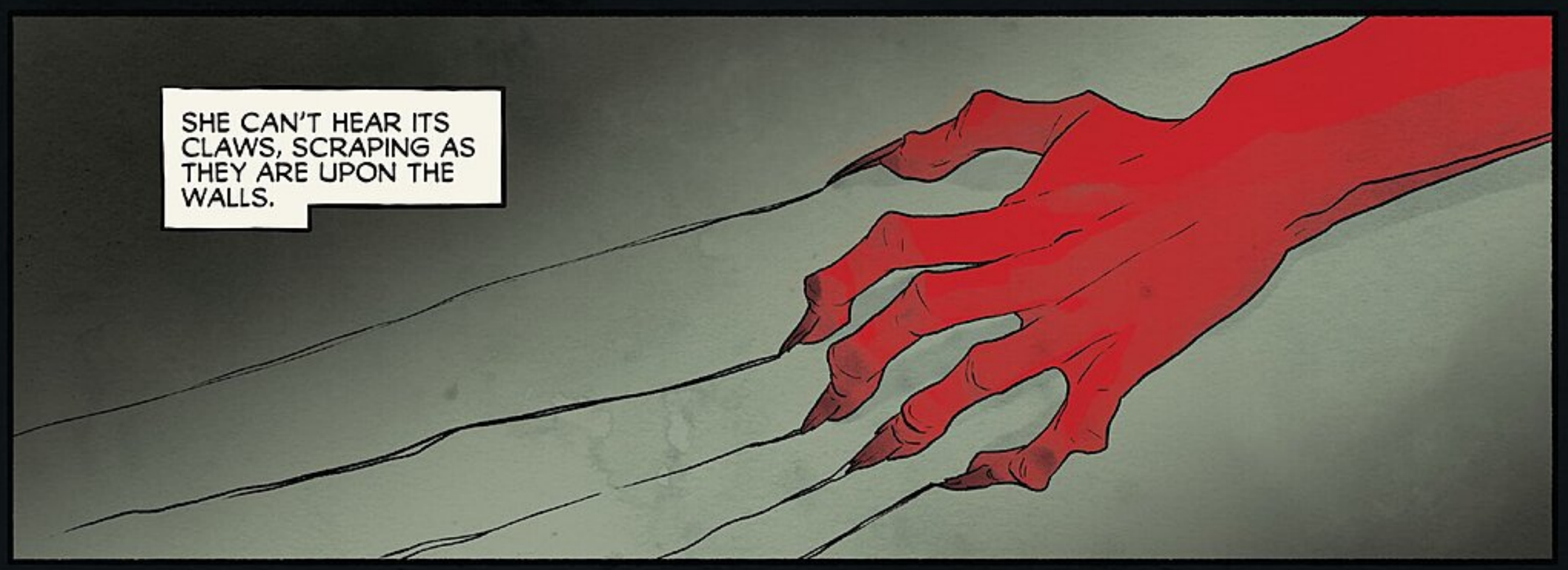
JUST LET ME SLEEP!

THE PAIN WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE SILENCE.

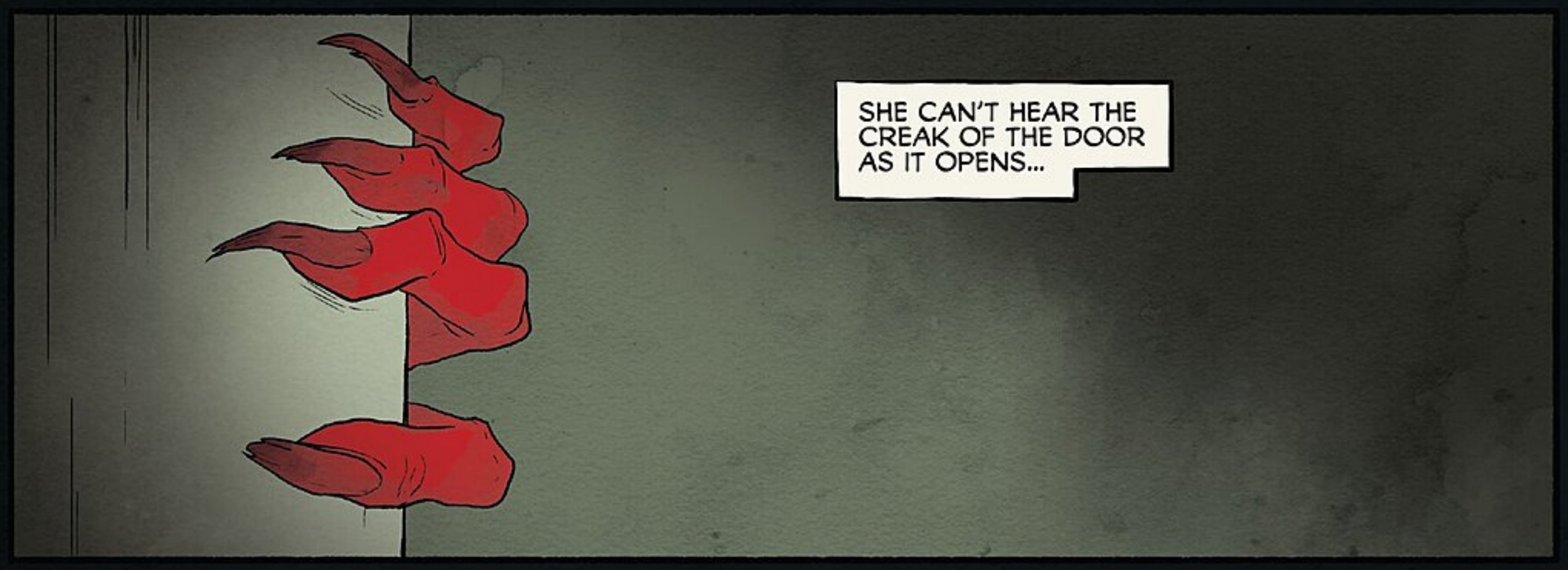
THE SLEEP SHE FINALLY FELL INTO WAS DEEP, AND DREAMLESS, AND OH SO GRATEFUL.

WELL, IT'S TOO LATE NOW.
WE DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE HER.
I'M PRETTY SURE I MENTIONED IT ONCE OR TWICE. THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE IN THE BEYOND.
THAT THERE WAS A BEAST IN THE DARK, SLEEPING...


BUT SHE CAN'T HEAR THEM ANYMORE. AND SHE CERTAINLY CAN'T HEAR IT.


SHE CAN'T HEAR ITS CLAWS, SCRAPING AS THEY ARE UPON THE WALLS.

SHE CAN'T HEAR THE PHLEGMY RATTLING BETWEEN ITS FANGS.


SHE CAN'T HEAR THE CREAK OF THE DOOR AS IT OPENS...

ALAS.

AMY CAN'T EVEN HEAR HER OWN YELP OF TERROR.

SHE CAN'T HEAR THE BEAST TELL HER THAT IT JUST WANTS TO SLEEP--THAT IT'S HAD ITS FILL OF HER SATAN-DAMNED SNORING.

THE DEAD DON'T NEED TO SLEEP, AFTER ALL...

NOW WE CAN REALLY FILL YOU IN ON ALL OUR NEWS.

SO, ABOUT THIS TIK TOK...

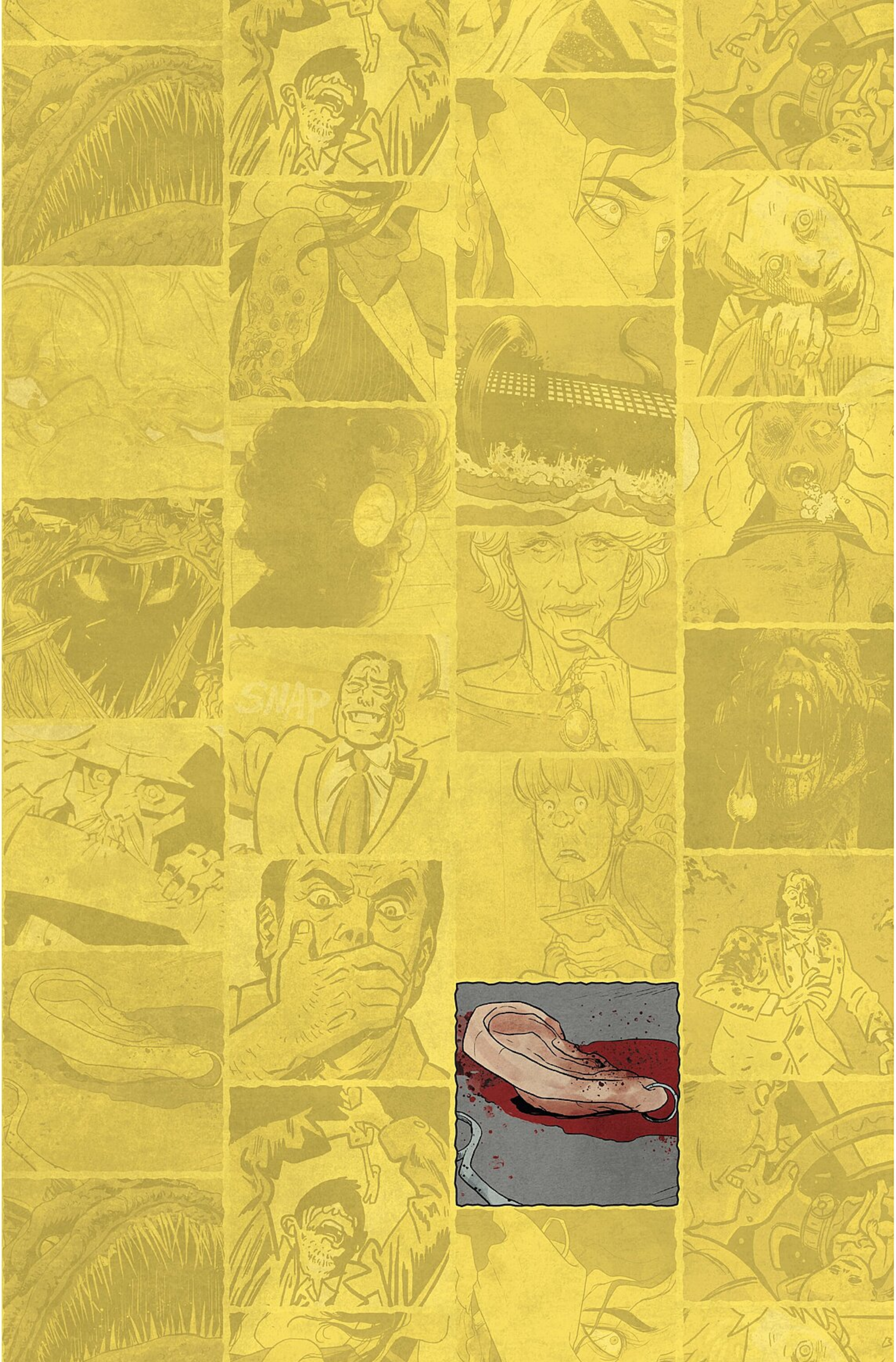
YES, AND THAT FELLA I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT--

N-N-- NO!

POOR AMY...

IN THE END, HER PLEAS FOR QUIET REALLY FELL ON DEAF EARS.

THE END



"ETERNITY, ETERNITY, ETERNITY"

WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER

ZOE THOROGOOD

HERE'S A STORY THAT'S SURE TO MAKE YOU GRATEFUL FOR YOUR IMPENDING DEATH!

WELCOME TO--

ETERNITY

ETERNITY

ETERNITY

ETERNITY

LIFE IS CRUEL. I DECIDED THAT WHEN IT TOOK RUFUS.

HE'D CLIMBED UP MRS BROWN'S OLD SHED TO CHASE SOME CAT, ONLY TO FALL THROUGH THE ROOF AND GET IMPALED ON A GARDEN FORK.

SALE!

THE FORK HAD ONLY BEEN PURCHASED THE DAY BEFORE. IT STILL HAD THE TAG ON.

LIFE ISN'T FAIR. I DECIDED THAT WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE TORE MY LAB APART, AND TOOK DANIEL WITH IT.

EVERHEALTH

ALMOST ALL MY RESEARCH HAD BEEN DESTROYED. LIFE HAD NOTICED ME, AND HAD ISSUED ITS WARNING.

LIFE IS TO BE BEATEN. I DECIDED THAT ONCE I HIT MY BREAKTHROUGH.

TEN YEARS IN AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER AND ONLY ONE VIABLE DOSE OF SERUM TO SHOW FOR IT.

BUT IT WOULD BE ENOUGH. FOR NOW.

THE EARLY DAYS WERE MY FAVOURITE.

I WITNESSED THE BOLDEST AND BRIGHTEST OF HUMANITY FIGHT BACK AGAINST LIFE.

BUT I HADN'T WON.

AS MUCH AS I FOUGHT, I COULDN'T GET THE SERUM TO WORK AGAIN. THE NATURAL RESOURCES I NEEDED HAD BEEN EXHAUSTED AND NOTHING I TRIED WAS USABLE.

MY SWEET GIRL GREW OLD.

AND LIFE TOOK HER WITHOUT MERCY.

LIFE WOULD LET ME EXPERIENCE JOY AGAIN AND AGAIN--
--JUST TO STEAL IT AWAY.
LOVE WAS THE CARROT, AND LIFE WAS THE STICK.
I VOWED TO NEVER BE TRICKED BY THAT NECTAR AGAIN.
I TOOK OUT ONE OF MY EYES AS A REMINDER.
IT MADE SENSE AT THE TIME.

AS I PASSED MY 700TH BIRTHDAY I HAD WITNESSED AS MANY WARS AS I HAD FINGERS, WHICH WAS APPROXIMATELY SIX AFTER THE WAR OF LOCUSTS HAD TAKEN MY ARM.

TURN LIGHTS OFF AT 5PM

BY THAT POINT MEDICINE WASN'T EASY TO COME BY NOR CREATE. LIFE HAD TAKEN THE LIVES OF THE OTHER SUFFERERS--BUT NOT ME.

THE PAIN WAS UNBEARABLE FOR THE FIRST FEW MONTHS.

AFTER A FEW YEARS I BECAME ACCLIMATED TO THE INSECTS UNDER MY SKIN.

I HAD LOST SIGHT OF MY MISSION, BUT THAT WAS SOON ABOUT TO CHANGE.

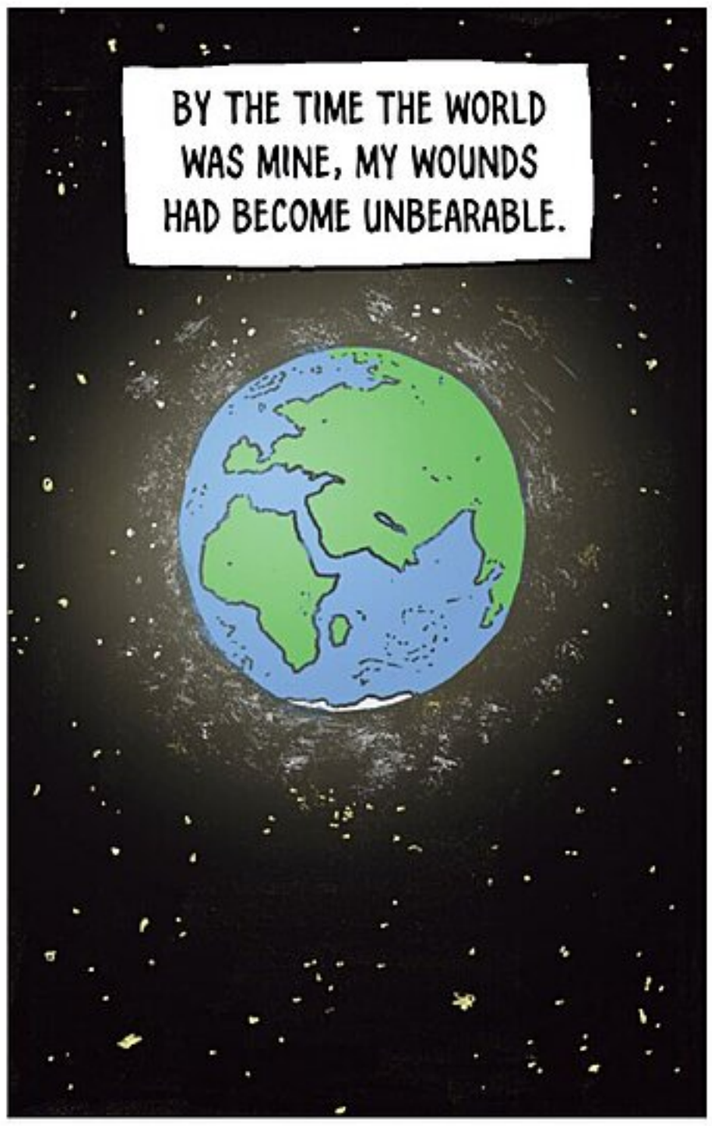
AS I TRAVELLED SOUTH, I WAS CAPTURED BY *THE SPIRIT OF FLAMES*. IT APPEARED THAT SURVIVING THEIR SACRIFICIAL RITUAL WAS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THEM OF MY GODHOOD.

THAT WAS WHEN I HAD MY NEXT EPIPHANY--I WASN'T MEANT TO HELP OTHERS LIVE FOREVER, *I* WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE FOREVER SO I COULD SHOW *THEM* THE WAY.

I HAD SEEN ALL LIFE HAD TO SHOW ME OF HUMAN CRUELTY, WHICH AS IT TURNED OUT MADE ME A PRETTY SUCCESSFUL WARLORD.

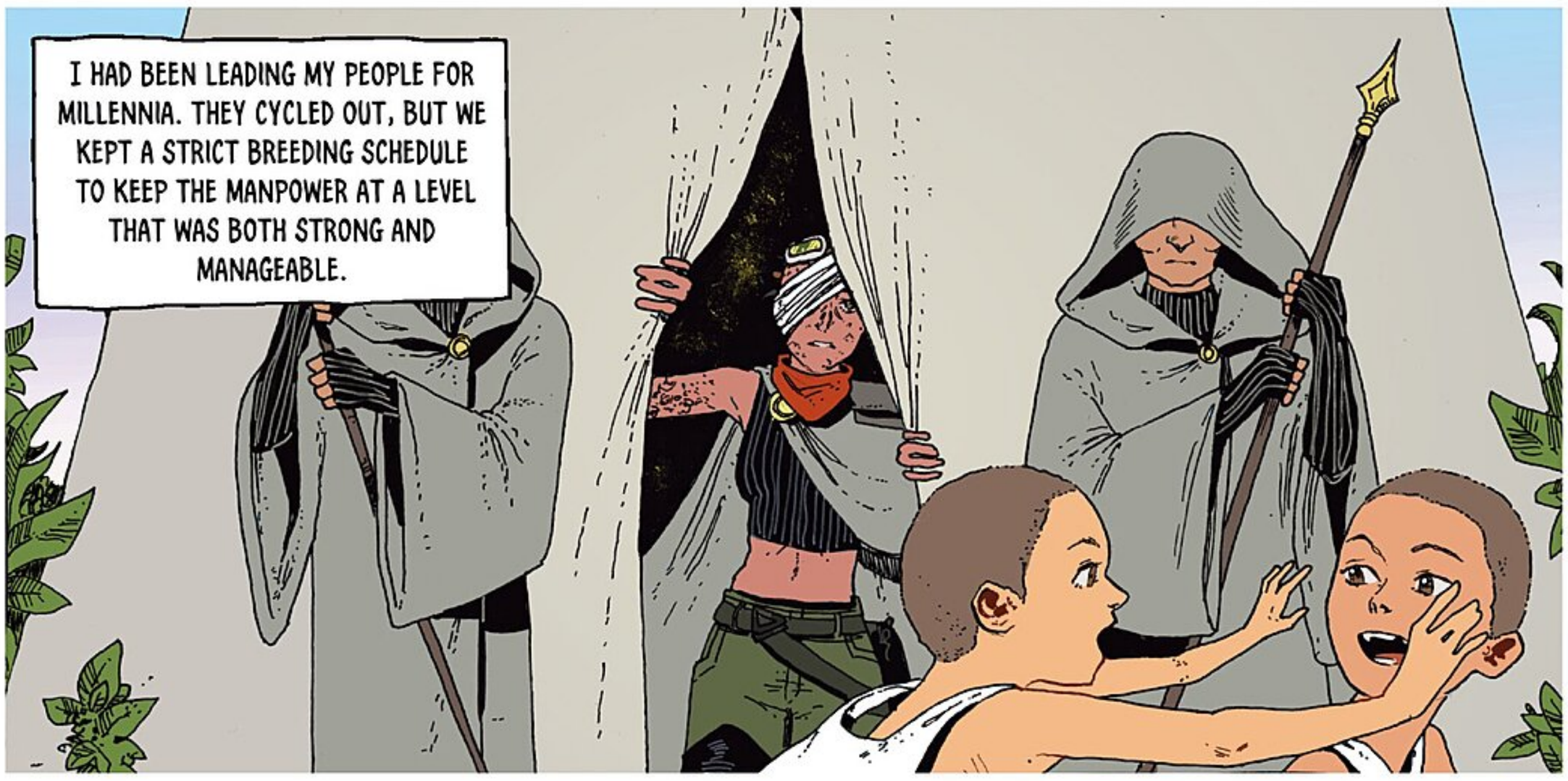
I TOLD MY PEOPLE STORIES OF OUR PAST. HOW THE GROUND ONCE GAVE BIRTH TO FLOWERS, THAT THE BIRDS SANG RATHER THAN SPEWED RADIO-ACTIVE WASTE, AND HOW CANNIBALISM WAS ONLY SOMETHING YOU DID IF YOU WERE A BIT WEIRD.

WE WERE GOING TO RETURN OUR WORLD TO PEACE, BUT FIRST WE HAD TO RID IT OF ANYONE WHO WOULD GET IN OUR WAY.


BY THE TIME THE WORLD WAS MINE, MY WOUNDS HAD BECOME UNBEARABLE.

THE FIRE HAD KILLED THE LOCUSTS, BUT MY TEETH HAD ROTTED THROUGH.

MY SKIN WOULD PEEL OFF AND GROW BACK OVER AND OVER AGAIN.


I HAD BEEN LEADING MY PEOPLE FOR MILLENNIA. THEY CYCLED OUT, BUT WE KEPT A STRICT BREEDING SCHEDULE TO KEEP THE MANPOWER AT A LEVEL THAT WAS BOTH STRONG AND MANAGEABLE.

SOMETIMES THERE WERE REVOLTS, BUT THEY WERE EASILY STAMPED OUT.
THE WORLD WAS MINE...

...UNTIL THE TOXIC DUST STORM SEVERAL CYCLES LATER.

MY FINAL PUNISHMENT.

I SEARCHED FOR SOMEONE-- *FOR ANYONE.*

BUT IT SOON BECAME CLEAR THAT ONLY I REMAINED.

LIFE'S FINAL PUNCH WAS STRONGER THAN PAIN.

IT WAS STRONGER THAN LOSS.

IT WAS LONELINESS.

I MISSED MY LOCUSTS.

WITH NOTHING LEFT, I BEGAN TO DECONSTRUCT.

LIFE HAD WON.

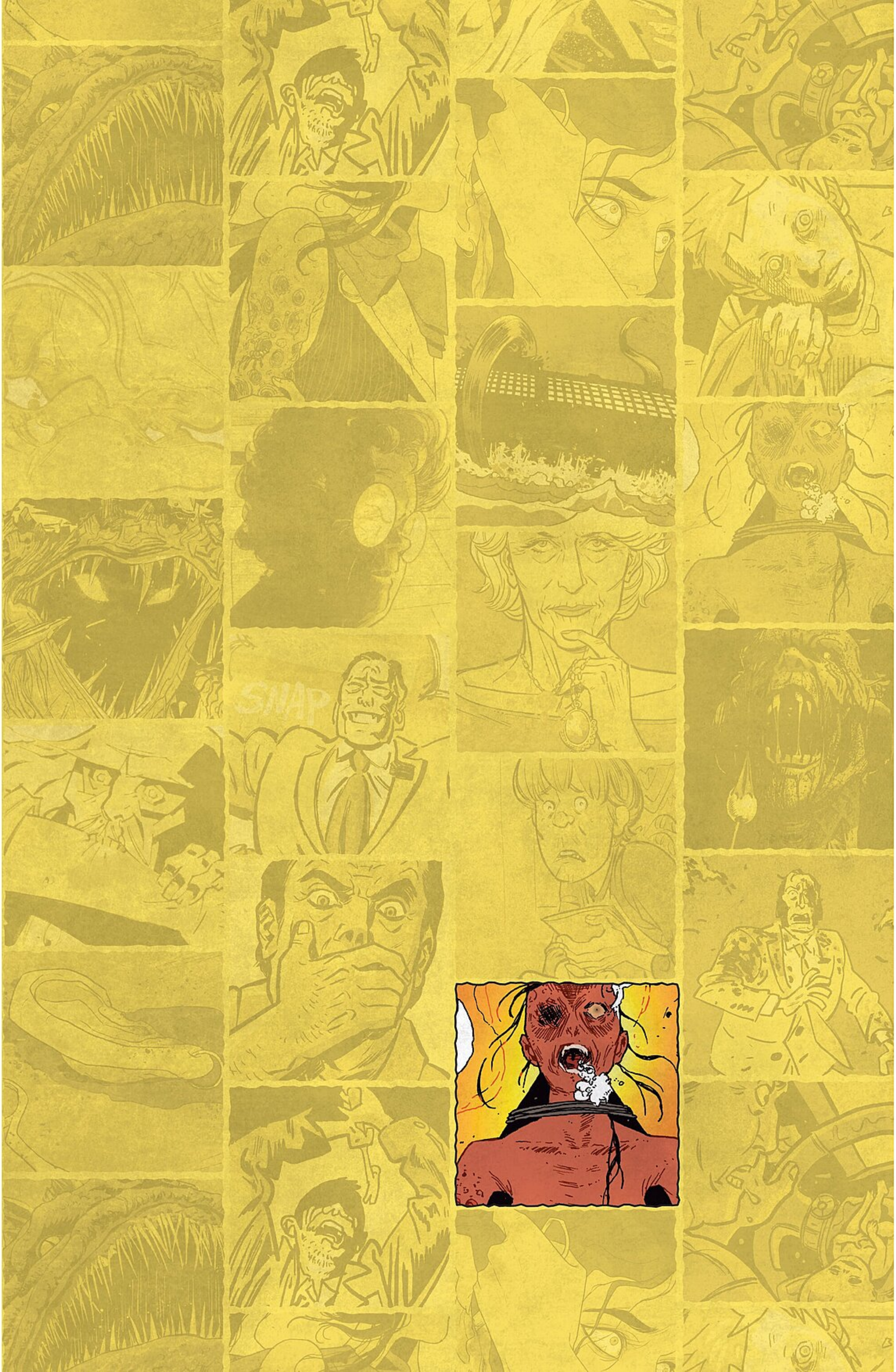
"FREE ME! FREE ME!" I SCREAMED.

BUT NO ONE WAS LISTENING.

I WAITED FOR THE SUN TO DIE. I WAITED FOR THE UNIVERSE TO FOLD IN ON ITSELF.

FOR *THAT*--THAT WOULD SURELY END THIS NIGHTMARE.

I LAY ON THE ASH COVERED WASTELAND I ONCE CALLED HOME.



BUT I AM STILL HERE. AND I AM SO BORED.

LIFE IS SHORT...

BUT AT LEAST IT ISN'T *FOREVER!*

The "End"...

"SACRIFICES"

WRITER
JOEL FARRELLY

ARTIST
GORAN SUDŽUKA

COLORIST
IVE SVORCINA

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

AHOY, ME MORBID MATIES! TONIGHT'S SPOOKY SEA SHANTY IS ABOUT MY GUY, ***EDDIE.***

YOU WANT SOMETHING? EDDIE CAN GET IT FOR YOU. IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW RARE OR "NOT FOR SALE" THAT SOMETHING IS EITHER.

UNFORTUNATELY, EDDIE'S LATEST GIG IS GOING TO COST HIM A WHOLE LOT ***MORE*** THAN MONEY. HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD...

SACRIFICES

I PAY FOR YOUR ACCOMMODATIONS ABOARD THIS FLOATING GERM-FARM TO ENSURE A ***CLANDESTINE*** EXCHANGE, I FOOT THE BILL FOR ALL YOUR EXPENSES, AND ***STILL*** YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY TO MAKE ME WAIT?!

I WAS LED TO BELIEVE YOU WERE A ***PROFESSIONAL.***

I GOT THE DAMN THING, DIDN'T I? AND AS SOON AS MY MAN IN SWITZERLAND CONFIRMS THE TRANSFER...

I'LL HAND HER OVER.

THE TERMS WERE ***VERY CLEAR.*** I WAS PROMISED I WOULD BE IN POSSESSION OF THE DIAMOND BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT!

JESUS, ***BERKMAN,*** RELAX. THE CONFIRMATION IS GONNA TAKE HALF AN HOUR TOPS.

REALLY, SWEETIE...

WHERE IS HE GONNA GO BEFORE THEN? WE'RE ON A BOAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. NOW...WHO WANTS TIRAMISU?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WA--

BABE, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

GLUTEN-FREE, MY ASS...

DO YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH YOU?

NO! STAY! KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

USING HIS OWN ALLERGY TO INCAPACITATE HIM? CLEVER GIRL.

YEAH, I'M A REAL TREAT. THE BOAT WILL BE HERE IN TWENTY. NOW, GO PACK YOUR STUFF AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL.

YES, MA'AM.

OH! AND YOU *DO* HAVE A SECURE HIDING SPOT FOR TRANSPORTING THE DIAMOND? YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE...

DIDN'T YOU HEAR YOUR HUSBAND, LADY? I'M A PROFESSIONAL.

They're here

aft deck

CONSTANCE?

...DOES SHE NOT KNOW WHAT THE AFT DECK IS?

WHAT THE...?

CHK-CHK.

YOU TWO HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE MESSING WITH HERE.

BERKMAN... WHY DO YOU HAVE A GUN TO YOUR WIFE'S HEAD?

DO YOU THINK MEN LIKE ME GET THIS RICH OFF HARD WORK?! WE MAKE SACRIFICES, EDWARD!

AND I MEAN LITERAL ***SACRIFICES*** TO BEINGS WHOSE POWER AND DEPRAVITY ARE AS INCOMPREHENSIBLE AS THE FORMS IN WHICH THEY INHABIT THIS WORLD!

THOOM!

OH GOD, NO! HE'S ALREADY UPON US! QUICK, THROW THE DIAMOND OVERBOARD WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!

WHAT?! DON'T!

I CAN'T!

YOU CAN AND YOU *WILL!*

NO, I MEAN, LIKE *LITERALLY* I CAN'T!

I SWALLOWED IT!

...YOU *WHAT?*

YEAH, WELL, I MEAN...

I FIGURED IF CONSTANCE WOULD DOUBLE-CROSS HER OWN HUSBAND OVER THIS THING...

HA HA HA HA!

BUT IF YOU JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE...

HA HA HA HA!

NO! NOBODY NEEDS TO DIE.

SIGH AG'BIKNOIR WOULD BEG TO DIFFER.

WHO IS ABBEY GWAR?

WHO CARES? THE BUYER IS WAITING. WE'RE NOT THAT FAR FROM SHORE. I SAW SOME ***JET SKIS*** BACK THIS--

THAT IS AG'BIKNOIR.

HE CAN SMELL IT!

KNOW WHY RED DIAMONDS ARE SO ***RARE,*** EDWARD? BECAUSE I'VE SPENT THE PAST THREE DECADES SACRIFICING EVERY ONE I COULD FIND TO AG'BIKNOIR HERE. HE'S QUITE ***OBSESSED.***

I GUESS EVEN ***COSMIC ABOMINATIONS*** AREN'T WITHOUT THEIR VICES. OH, AND FYI, THE ONE CURRENTLY SITTING IN YOUR ***GUT?***

HOP ON!

HOLY SHIT, *LOOK!*

HEAD FOR THE COAST!

DON'T SLOW DOWN! IT'S GAINING ON US!

THEN BRACE YOURSELF!

OH, NO... PLEASE, NO! CONSTANCE?!

CONSTANCE!
WHA--?
OH, THANK GOD.

WE MADE IT.

WELL, DON'T LOOK TOO HAPPY TO SEE ME.

SNAP

SNIFF SNIFF

AAAAAHHH!

AAA-MMMRH!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE PORT OF CALL FOR OUR OLD PAL, EDWARD. OR, AS THE FRENCH WOULD SAY...

FIN!

"KILLER CART CORRAL"

WRITER & ARTIST
NICK DRAGOTTA

COLORIST
JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

GOOD MARROW, YOU PERVERTS OF PULP. RUN ANY ERRANDS LATELY? I ALWAYS SHOP AT THE ***BIG BOX SUPERSTORE.*** IT'S WHERE I GET MY NAILS DONE AND BUY ALL MY SHOVELS. BUT WHEN YOU LEAVE, DON'T FORGET TO RETURN YOUR CART TO THE...

KILLER CART CORRAL

BIG BOX

THANKS FOR COMING WITH ME, BILLY. YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD HELPER.

MMM ***=CRUNCH=*** OF COURSE. ***=CRUNCH=*** NO PROBLEM, MA.

HONEY, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT? I DON'T REMEMBER BUYING IT.

MMMM ***=CRUNCH=*** OH, I GOT A JOB.

TUTORING OTHER KIDS. JUST BEING A ***GOOD HELPER,*** LIKE YOU SAID.

OUR TEACHERS ARE USELESS, MA. I GUESS IT'S TRUE, THOSE WHO CAN'T DO, TEACH.

SUCH A GOOD BOY...

PUT AWAY THE CART FOR MOMMY, WILL YOU?

VRRRROOOOOOMMM!
BOMBS AWAY!
THUD
CART RETURN
FUCK YEAH!
HAHA
AW, LOOK AT THAT DENT.
DUMBASS SHOULDN'T HAVE PARKED A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CAR NEAR THE CART RETURN!
HAAAAAA
HUH?
PLEASE RETURN THE CART TO THE CART CORRAL.

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

CART RETURN

BILLY?

CART RETU

BILLY!

HE WAS JUST...?

"MY *SON.* HIS NAME IS BILLY.

BIGBOX

"HE'S GONE MISSING.

"JUST NOW IN THE PARKING LOT!

"*LOOK*, CAN I JUST SPEAK TO YOUR..."

THE MANAGER MA'AM.

EXCUSE ME.

I'M LOOKING FOR MY SON, BILLY.

HAVE NO FEAR. WE'VE HAD EYES ON BILLY.

OH, YOU FOUND HIM!

SURE DID.

HE WAS STEALING ON AISLE SIX EARLIER.

NO.
HE BOUGHT THAT.
HE...JUST GOT A JOB. A TUTOR.
CAMERA DOESN'T LIE, MA'AM.
BUT YOUR SON *IS* QUITE THE ENTREPRENEUR.
WHAT? IS HE...?
SELLING HIS LITTLE "STUDY BUDDIES" IN MY STORE.
THIS IS SOME KIND OF MISTAKE. THAT'S NOT *MY* BILLY.
OH, BUT IT IS.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN *PAYING ATTENTION.*

YOU KNOW...I USED TO HAVE A SON, TOO.

HE WORKED HERE AT THE BIG BOX...THE FINEST CART ATTENDANT TO EVER GRACE OUR LOT.

SUCH A *GOOD* HELPER.

BUT THEN SOME IDIOT WHO WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION ***STRUCK HIM*** WITH THEIR CAR, SWERVING TO AVOID AN ***ABANDONED CART.***

MY POOR DOUGANS.

OH, GOD...

AH... THERE'S YOUR BILLY.

BILLY?!

HE'S JUST PLAYING A GAME OF ***HIDE AND SEEK.***

BILLY!

LAST CHANCE, MA'AM. IN HONOR OF MY SON, I DO INSIST YOU PUT THE CART BACK.

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU OLD HAG!

OH, DEAR.

LOOKS LIKE THE APPLE DIDN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE.

IT'S VERY DANGEROUS TO LEAVE A CART LIKE THIS.

OH, GOD...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

NOT ME...

MY SON.

DOUGANS.

PLEASE RETURN THE CART TO THE CART CORRAL.

DOUGANS. BE A DEAR AND HELP MOMMY?

YOU SEE, MA'AM, AS OWNER OF THE BIG BOX, MY FIRST PRIORITY IS ALWAYS THE SAFETY OF MY PATRONS AND EMPLOYEES...

...AND IF DANGER PERSISTS ON MY PREMISES, IT'S MY JOB TO ELIMINATE IT.

AS FOR YOU AND YOUR BILLY...

...WE SIMPLY CANNOT TOLERATE SUCH *CARELESSNESS.*

GOOD BOY, DOUGANS.

GURGLE... PLEASE... *GURK...* I'M STILL ALIVE...

SPLURP!

BIG BOX

I NEED A CLEAN-UP AT THE CART CORRAL.

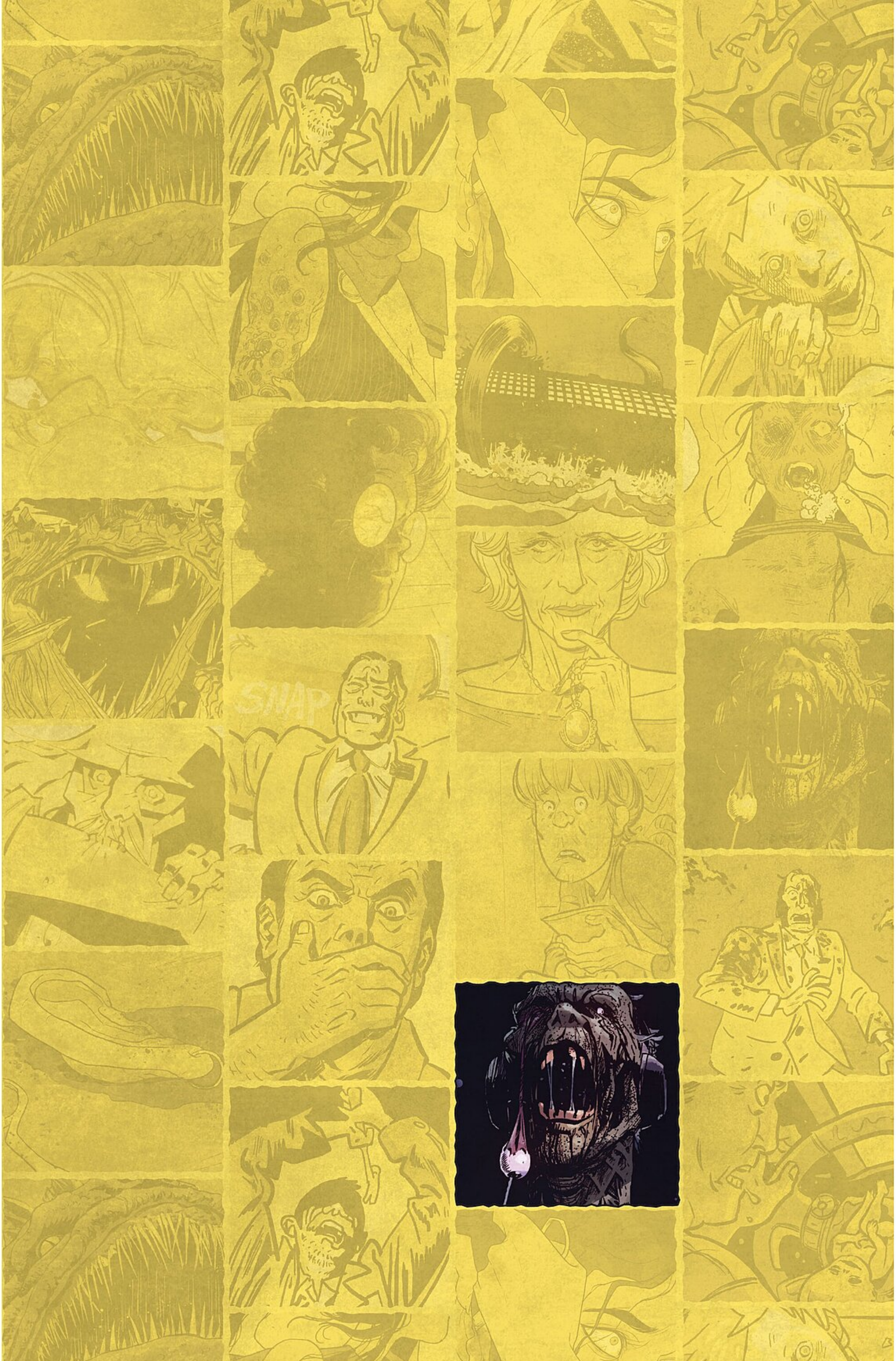
YES, MA'AM, MRS. KARTWRIGHT.

AT THE BIG BOX, DOUGANS DIED A LOWLY CART ATTENDANT, BUT NOW HE'S PROMOTED TO THE HIGHEST "EXEC" POSITION...

EXECUTIONER!

HAHAHAHA!

END



"THE AMULET"

WRITER
ALISA KWITNEY

ARTIST
MAURICET

COLORIST
MIKE SPICER

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

THE AMULET

LISTEN, THE WHOLE POINT OF CARING FOR SNOT-NOSED BRATS IS TO MAKE SURE THERE'S SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF ***YOU*** WHEN YOU'RE A WRINKLED, OLD WRECK--BUT ***ALVINA MADIGAN'S*** UNGRATEFUL OFFSPRING ARE WELSHING ON THE DEAL.

NOW THAT THEIR DEAR MAMA HAS GONE A BIT DODDERY, THEY'RE SHUNTING THE OLD BROAD OFF TO A RAISIN RANCH...I MEAN, OLD FOLKS' HOME. LUCKILY, ALVINA HAS A LITTLE PERSONAL PROTECTION PLAN.

CARE TO BUY IN? BE CAREFUL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING ALONG WITH...

AND THIS IS THE HUB OF LIFE HERE AT ***RAINBOW REST***--OUR COMMUNITY AREA. WE ENCOURAGE OUR RESIDENTS TO SPEND AS MUCH TIME AS POSSIBLE HERE BY SCHEDULING A FULL DAY OF ENRICHING ACTIVITIES.

GOSH, THIS PLACE LOOKS SO HOMEY. NOT AT ALL INSTITUTIONAL. DON'T YOU THINK, MA?

I'LL BET YOU'LL FIND ***LOTS*** OF FUN THINGS TO DO HERE.

OH, ABSOLUTELY! OUR RESIDENTS ADORE BINGO GAMES, AND EVERY NIGHT WE PLAY A CLASSIC MOVIE FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOLLYWOOD!

I HAVE TO CHECK THE SCHEDULE TO BE SURE, BUT I BELIEVE IT'S GOING TO BE *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* TONIGHT.

THERE'S A ***STAIN*** ON THE CARPET.

OH, NO, I THINK THAT'S PART OF THE PATTERN.

IT'S ***BLOOD.***

SOMEONE DIED HERE LAST NIGHT.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? OLD PEOPLE LIVE HERE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER?

PLEASE, DORA. I KNOW I DON'T HAVE LONG. I JUST WANT TO GO ***HOME.***

COME ON, MA. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS. NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO, BUT I'LL VISIT SOON. I PROMISE.

ACTUALLY, WE ADVISE FAMILIES NOT TO VISIT FOR THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, SO THE NEW RESIDENT CAN GET ACCLIMATED.

OH?

ONCE YOUR MOTHER ADJUSTS TO LIVING HERE, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO VISIT AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.

I SEE.

ONE LAST THING. WHAT ABOUT HER JEWELRY? SHE *INSISTED* ON WEARING SOME OF HER GOOD PIECES.

RAINBOW REST NURSING HOME

"OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MOTHER'S NECKLACE. WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HER WHEN SHE'S NOT SO ANXIOUS, AND PUT IT IN THE SAFE FOR YOU."

HMMPH.

EXCUSE ME. I'M ALVINA MADIGAN, AND I WAS WONDERING... WHAT'S IT *REALLY* LIKE HERE?

OH, IT'S LOVELY HERE! JUST LOVELY.

TELL THE TRUTH.

IT *IS* ALL LOVELY HERE. IF YOU FOLLOW THE RULES.

BUT SOMETIMES I FORGET WHAT THE RULES ARE.

THEN *I* WILL REMIND YOU.

"FIRST OF ALL, NO WANDERING THE HALLS AFTER THE EIGHT P.M. ROOM CHECK.

GALDARNED GUARD DUTY AGAIN. WELL, I GUESS THE WAR'S GOT TO END SOMETIME.

YOUR ORDERS WERE TO *REMAIN* IN YOUR ROOM.

"SECOND OF ALL, *NO* BATHROOM ACCIDENTS.

IS IT TIME FOR THE EVENING GOWN COMPETITION?

IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MAKE A *MESS.*

FRESH MEAT, JAKE.

"NO COMPLAINING ABOUT THE *FOOD* WE SERVE, UNLESS YOU WANT TO *GO* HUNGRY."

I DON'T HAVE A CRAYON.

HELLO? HELLO? CAN ANYONE HELP MY FRIEND? SHE NEEDS A CRAYON!

"AND ABSOLUTELY *NO* SNOOPING AROUND IN THE SUPPLY CLOSET. AT *ANY TIME.*

I THINK MISS AMY KEEPS THE ART SUPPLIES IN HERE...

OH MY!

TH- THAT'S STELLA'S RING...

"REMEMBER, THESE RULES ARE FOR *YOUR* SAFETY."

DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, BIRDIE? ALVINA?

IT'S *PROFESSOR* MADIGAN. AND I UNDERSTAND *YOU* VERY WELL. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND *ME.*

I AM PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY AT OGELTHORPE COLLEGE. I MAY BE GROWING FORGETFUL, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WILL *NEVER* FORGET.

HOW TO PROTECT MYSELF, FOR EXAMPLE. YOU SEE, THIS AMULET ISN'T JUST DECORATIVE. NOT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO *USE* IT.

OH, HOW SWEET. YOU THINK YOU'RE *DIFFERENT* FROM THE OTHERS.

I *KNOW* I AM.

TIME FOR YOUR APPLESAUCE, BIRDIE.

OH, DEAR.

NO, IT'S OKAY. YOU *LIKE* APPLESAUCE.

OH, I *DO* LIKE APPLESAUCE!

BUT YOU'RE IN MEMORY CARE NOW. AND MEMORY CARE IS WHERE YOUR KIDS PUT YOU WHEN YOU'RE TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

"THEY WANT TO BE REASSURED THAT THEIR PARENTS ARE IN GOOD HANDS, BUT THEY ALSO DON'T WANT TO LOOK TOO CLOSELY.

OF COURSE, MRS. DIMARIANO. WE'LL LOOK FOR THE CAMERA FOOTAGE AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR FATHER'S FALL. BUT HE *WAS* 96.

"SO WE MAKE SURE THE LOBBY AND GARDENS LOOK LIKE AN UPSCALE HOTEL, WITH A MARBLE STAIRCASE AND AN ELECTRIC FIREPLACE. THIS IS A BUSINESS.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS AN HOUR. YOU'LL HELP SUPERVISE RESIDENTS AND ASSIST THEM IN THEIR ADL'S-- ACTIVITIES OF DAILY LIVING.

OH, I...GOSH, THAT'S GREAT. DO YOU WANT TO LOOK AT MY RESUMÉ?

NOT IF YOU CAN START IMMEDIATELY. WE'RE SHORT-STAFFED.

"WE *NEED* TO MAKE A PROFIT."

I TOLD YOU, NEXT TIME, GO AROUND THE BACK. AND YOUR LAST SHIPMENT WAS SPOILED.

AL'S WHOLESALE BUTCHERY

THAT'S WHY YOU GOT IT AT A DISCOUNT, LADY.

WELL, TAKE IT BACK. I'LL FIND A *BETTER* WAY.

SO IF YOU'RE TOO MUCH TROUBLE, WE'LL GET YOUR DOCTOR TO UP YOUR MEDS. AND IF YOU'RE *STILL* TOO MUCH TROUBLE...

WE WILL MODIFY YOUR CARE PROGRAM.

AAAGGH!

NOW, ABOUT THAT NECKLACE. IT SHOULD *REALLY* GO IN THE SAFE.

WAIT!

SORRY, BUT I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO WASTE.

POP!

OOOPH!

IS THIS A REAL RUBY? GORGEOUS. YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE AWFULLY SAD TO HEAR YOU'VE LOST IT SOMEWHERE.

IT'S A GARNET. THE STONE ISN'T WHAT MAKES IT VALUABLE.

YOU SEE, THAT IS AN AMULET.

OH, LIKE A GOOD LUCK CHARM?

NO. A CHARM IS SOMETHING YOU SAY. A TALISMAN IS A GEM OR OBJECT THAT ATTRACTS GOOD FORTUNE. *AMULETS* PROTECT THE OWNER.

WELL, IT DIDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, DID IT? PROTECTION-WISE. MAYBE IT'LL WORK BETTER FOR ME.

NO. YOU SEE, IT'S STILL MINE. YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE AN AMULET. IT HAS TO BE GIVEN FREELY.

AGGH...WHAT'S THAT...SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY HEART!

NO, NO, NOT YOUR HEART, DEAR.

YOUR *SOUL.*

I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK YOU HAD ONE, DID YOU? BUT YOU DO. A SICKLY, ROTTEN, TAINTED LITTLE THING, BUT STILL--A SOUL.

NO--STOP-- WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

MMMMPH!

ENOUGH!

YOU SEE, I CHOSE THIS PLACE QUITE DELIBERATELY. YOU HAVE A BIT OF A REPUTATION, YOU KNOW.

OF COURSE, I HAD TO MAKE MY DAUGHTER THINK IT WAS ***HER*** IDEA.

HELLO? I HEARD A SHOUT AND A THUMP. IS EVERYTHING-- OH, NO!

PERFECT TIMING, MY DEAR. OUR NEW RESIDENT JUST STUMBLED AND FELL, AND I COULD USE A HAND HELPING HER UP.

YOU POOR THING! ARE YOU HURT? WE'LL HAVE THE NURSE LOOK AT YOU.

SHE'S A WITCH! SHE STOLE MY BODY!

I'M NOT OLD, GODDAMNIT! AND I'M NOT DEMENTED! I DON'T BELONG HERE!

THIS KIND OF PARANOID IDEATION IS VERY COMMON IN THE TRANSITIONAL PERIOD.

YES, I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THAT IN MY PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

PSYCHOLOGY CLASSES? ARE YOU THINKING OF BECOMING A THERAPIST?

OR A RESEARCHER. I'D LOVE TO FIND NEW WAYS TO CARE FOR THE ELDERLY.

I'M NOT OLD! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

I'D LOVE TO HEAR YOUR IDEAS. I'M THINKING OF MAKING A FEW CHANGES AROUND HERE.

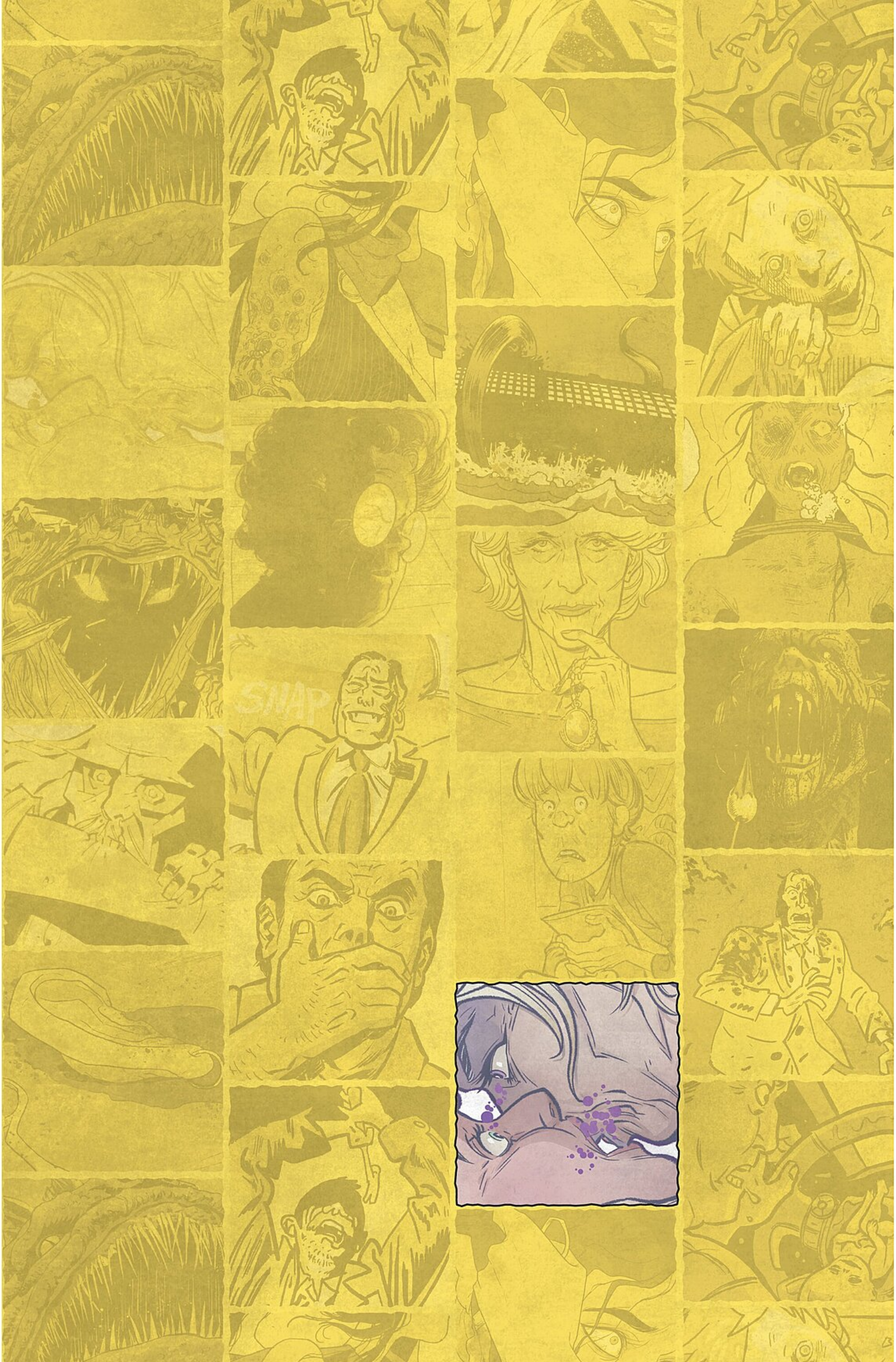
NONONO... I CAN'T EAT THIS!

MAYBE START WITH A NEW COOK? I HEAR A LOT OF COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE FOOD.

I SUPPOSE MISS AMY FINALLY LEARNED THAT IT'S EASY TO BE CRUEL TO DECREPIT GEEZERS...UNTIL YOU SUDDENLY BECOME ONE ***YOURSELF.***

ON A PERSONAL NOTE, THOUGH, I DON'T EVER INTEND TO GROW OLD.

END


SWAP

"BURNING AMBITION"

WRITER
SALADIN AHMED

ARTIST
ARTYOM TOPILIN

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

DID YOU KNOW YOUR BELOVED OLD CREEP IS A REAL *FIEND* FOR LICH-ERATURE?

IT'S TRUE! DRAMA, POETRY, AND OF COURSE--

DRAMA

POETRY

COMICS! EVERYONE LOVES *SEQUENTHELL* ART!

WELL, *ALMOST* EVERYONE. BUT HERE'S A TALE ABOUT *ONE* POLITICIAN WHOSE HATRED OF COMICS FUELED HIS...

BURNING AMBITION

BUT SOMETHING'S CHANGED, FRIENDS. NOW IT'S ALL *WOKE INDOCTRINATION*--TV, MOVIES, EVEN *COMIC BOOKS.*

FOLKS, I'M JUST A SMALL-TOWN MAYOR. BUT I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT THIS COUNTRY.

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN ENTERTAINMENT WAS FOR *FAMILIES. WHOLESOME.*

BUT TODAY, IN THIS *SCHOOL LIBRARY,* WE'RE DRAWING A LINE. WE'RE SAYING *OUR* BELIEFS MATTER, TOO!

YEAH!

WE DON'T SUPPORT OCCULTISM OR TRANSGENDERISM! WE WON'T LET ELITES FORCE THIS EVIL ON OUR CHILDREN!

YEAH!

ROMERO HIGH

OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE BEING LED ASTRAY BY *SATAN,* FRIENDS.

SO, REMEMBER REVELATION--

"AND THE DEVIL THAT DECEIVED THEM WAS CAST INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE!"

TALES OF HORROR

YOU THINK HE'S GOT A SHOT AT MAKING GOVERNOR?

PRESS

YOU KIDDING? LOOK AT THIS CROWD. HE'S A *SHOO-IN!*

SIX MONTHS LATER...

THANK YOU! FRIENDS, I MAY BE YOUR GOVERNOR NOW, BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT *YOU* PUT ME HERE.

AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN OUR *MISSION!*

SNAP

SNAP

SNAP

SNAP

POETRY

NON-FICTION

MEMOIRS & ESSAYS

WE STARTED IN THE SCHOOLS, BUT SATAN DOESN'T REST, AND NEITHER WILL WE.

TODAY WE'VE BROUGHT OUR *CRUSADE AGAINST COMICS* TO THIS GREAT STATE'S PUBLIC LIBRARIES!

WE'RE TIRED OF OUR TAXES FUNDING *RADICAL AGENDAS* THAT--

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!

EH?

THIS IS *MY* BOOK! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO--

SO, LIBRARIANS THESE DAYS HAVE TATTOOS AND PIERCINGS?

=SIGH= YOUNG LADY, WHEN YOU'RE OLDER YOU'LL LEARN--

I'M THIRTY YEARS OLD AND HAVE A MASTERS DEGREE, ASSHOLE!

BACK OFF! OR YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA LEARN...

ENOUGH!

SNATCH

I WARNED YOU...

WHAT IS THIS TRASH THAT--

WHAT THE HELL?!

THE PYROMANIAC POLITICIAN

IS THIS SOME KIND OF--

W-WAIT...

W-WHERE IS EVERYONE?

WHERE AM I?

HHH! WHAT--

THOSE WHITE LINES!

THEY'RE RAZOR SHARP!

AGGGGH!

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

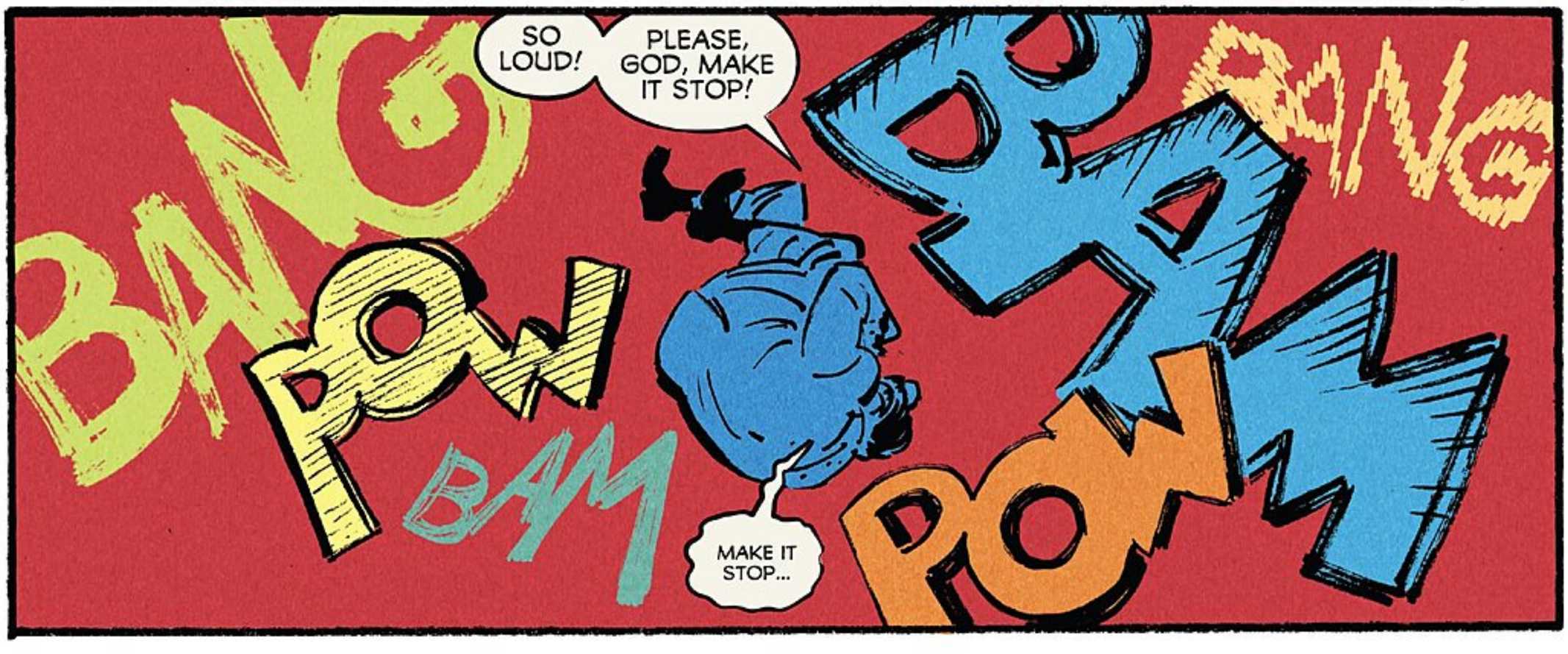
THAT LIBRARIAN! THE WAY HER EYES GLOWED.

SHE DID THIS! SOMEHOW SHE--

GOT TO...GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT...

BIG
ARRRRGHHH!

BAM
HOW...HOW CAN I *SEE* THESE SOUNDS?! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!


SO LOUD!
PLEASE, GOD, MAKE IT STOP!
BANG
POW
BAM
MAKE IT STOP...
BOOM
BANG
POW

W-WAIT! IS THAT--

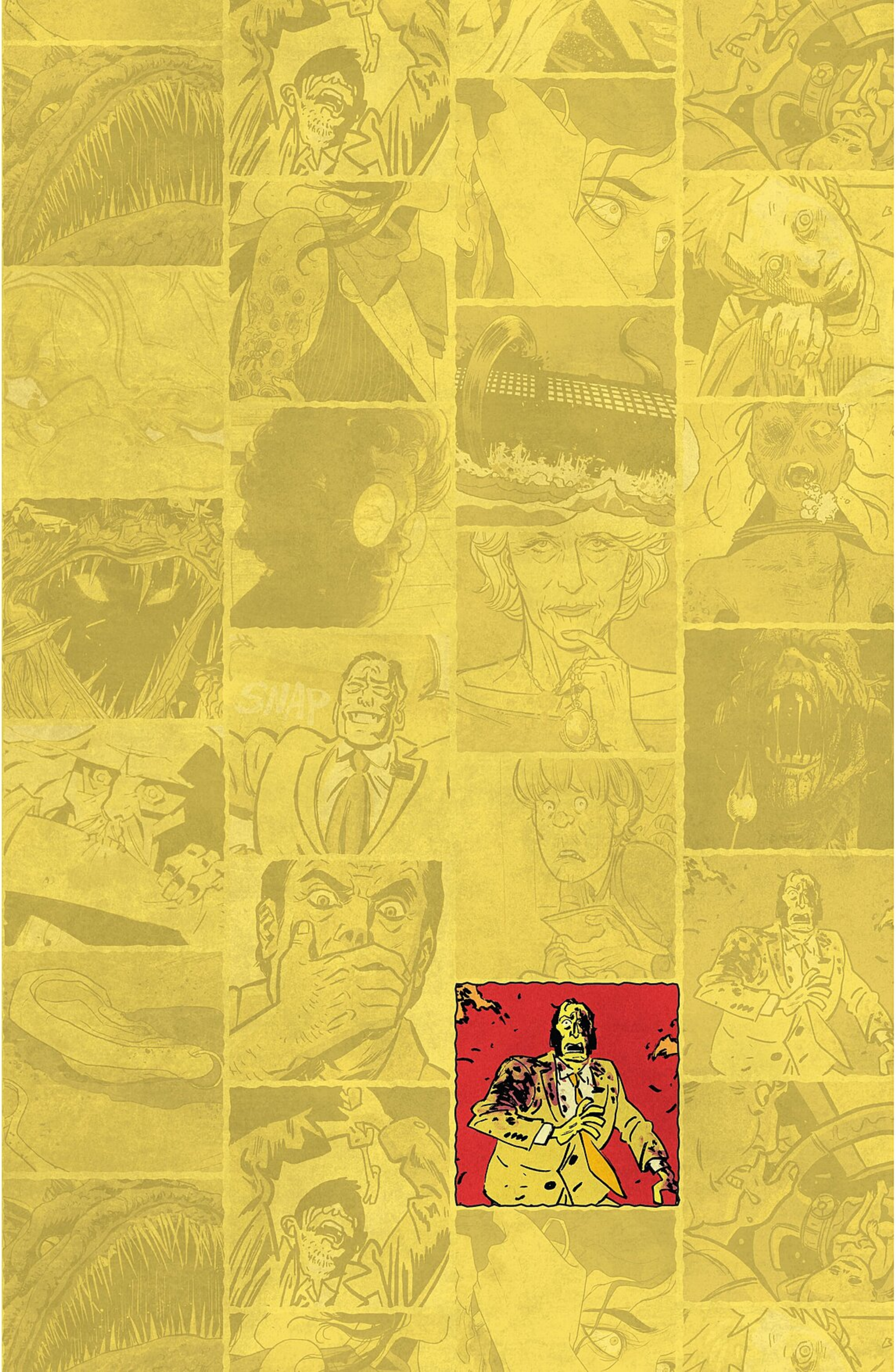
SUNLIGHT! THANK GOD!

A WAY OUT!

W-WAIT... THAT'S NOT SUNLIGHT!

IT'S *FIRE!*

AAAARRRGGHH!



AND SHE CAN'T HEAR HERSELF SCREAM FOR HELP AS SHE'S CONSUMED.

WELL, IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST.

"KEEP IT FED"

WRITERS

DAVID "DB" ANDRY & TIM DANIEL

ARTIST

MATTHEW ROBERTS

LETTERER

PAT BROSSEAU

WELL, HELLO THERE, NERDIES! THIS IS A TALE CRAFTED JUST FOR YOU, THOSE OF US WHO HAVE KEPT THE INNER CHILD IN US ALIVE AND WELL.

SOME WILL TELL YOU TO PUT AWAY CHILDISH THINGS AT CHILDHOOD'S END, BUT IF YOU TRULY LOVE IT, YOU'LL HOLD IT EVEN TIGHTER AND REMEMBER TO...

KEEP IT FED

CREEPSHOW

BUT, *DAD!* THERE *IS* A MONSTER UNDER MY BED!

THAT'S ENOUGH, ERNEST. WE'VE TOLD YOU, MONSTERS AREN'T REAL. YOU'RE EIGHT YEARS OLD-- TOO OLD TO BELIEVE IN THAT STUFF.

NOW, GO TO SLEEP!

GOODNIGHT, SON.

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TELL THEM?

UMM... WHAT? YOU *TALK?!*

NOT AS MUCH AS YOU. YOU ALWAYS TELL THEM, AND THEY NEVER BELIEVE YOU...

click

YOU'RE A ***MONSTER*** UNDER MY ***BED...*** YOU'LL ***EAT*** ME-- WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!

FEED ME.

UNLESS YOU HAVE NOTHING-- IN WHICH CASE...

WAIT! WAIT. I DO. I THINK I HAVE A CANDY BAR LEFT OVER FROM HALLOWEEN.

COCONUT-- ***EWWWWW!*** BUT MAYBE MONSTERS LIKE COCONUT--

NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT--

FEED ME...

...SOMETHING YOU LOVE.

SOMETHING I LOVE?

YES! SOMETHING PRECIOUS TO YOU. SOMETHING YOU CHERISH— THAT YOU'D KEEP FOREVER.

WELL...I LOVE MY COMICS...

COMICS?

YEAH! THEY'RE *AWESOME!* IN THIS ONE, A FAMILY JUMPS AROUND DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS AND HELPS PEOPLE, IT'S MY FAV--

Yank!

HEYYYY!

SHLURRP!

MMMM... YOU REALLY DID LOVE THAT ONE!

I *DID*...I LOVE THEM *ALL.*

DO YOU HAVE MORE? ENOUGH TO KEEP ME FED?

OH... YOU'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY AGAIN!

YEARS LATER...

DUDE! YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS ONE!

I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL IT, BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE ON A SUB, AND SOMETHING STARTS TO INFECT THEM AND... =SHUDDER= IT GETS ***HELLA*** GROSS.

I CAN DO GROSS. GROSS IS GOOD. HIT ME WITH IT.

SNATCH!

OF ***COURSE!*** HERE HE IS, JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU HE'D BE--LIKE ALWAYS, READING HIS GODDAMNED ***SILLY*** BOOKS!

WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE FRIENDS? WHY CAN'T YOU GET A ***JOB?*** WHY CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING BUT SIT IN THIS ROOM PRETENDING YOUR HOBBY IS YOUR ***LIFE?!***

LEGIT... SHLURRP!

OOOO...YOU WERE RIGHT. DELICIOUS!

SLAM!

PLEASE! MOM, PLEASE, DON'T LET HIM DO THIS!

ERNEST, YOUR FATHER THINKS THIS IS THE BEST THING FOR YOU...AND... I AGREE.

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO MOVE ON...TO GROW UP. AND SOMETIMES GROWTH CAN BE PAINFUL.

BUT... BUT...

GAS

THERE'S A MONSTER UNDER MY BED!

I HAVE A FRIEND.

AND THIS ISN'T "PRETEND", DAD--I WANT TO MAKE COMICS AS A *JOB!*

YOU ALWAYS TELL THEM. AND THEY NEVER BELIEVE YOU...

WHAT DID YOU JUST--!?! YOU LITTLE *WISEASS!*

YOU THINK GARBAGE LIKE *THIS* EVER MADE ANYBODY ANY MONEY?

SOMEDAY WHEN THE BILLS COME DUE, YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS *CHILDISH BULLSHIT* AND GET A REAL JOB!

START THINKING ABOUT YOUR *FUTURE,* ERNEST! IN FACT...

LET ME HELP YOU-- THE FUTURE STARTS NOW!

RRRIIIP!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THIS IS MY STUFF!

YOUR STUFF?! BOUGHT WITH WHOSE MONEY? BOUGHT WITH MY MONEY!

IN FACT, *EVERYTHING* HERE IS *MINE!* AND I'LL DO WHAT I WANT WITH IT!

GAS

ERNEST, WHY WOULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING?

I TRIED TO TELL YOU...BUT YOU NEVER BELIEVE ME. THERE IS A ***MONSTER*** UNDER MY ***BED,*** AND I NEED THE COMICS TO KEEP IT FED.

OH, SWEET BOY...THESE THINGS HAVE POISONED YOUR MIND AND--

THAT IS THE REASON WE'RE DOING THIS!

GAS

THE ONLY THING YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING IS YOUR DELUSIONAL IDEAS, AND YOU'RE ***NEVER*** GOING TO GROW UP IF YOU CONTINUE TO HOLD ONTO ALL THIS FANTASY ***CRAP!***

WELCOME TO THE ***REAL WORLD,*** ERNEST.

KWOOSH

AND THE REAL WORLD IS FILLED WITH *TOUGH LOVE--*

NOOOOOO!

MMMMmmm... WHAT'S THAT SMELL, ERNEST?!

SO MUCH OF WHAT YOU LOVED, COOKING ALL AT ONCE!

YEAH, IT'S *EVERYTHING,* MONSTER. EVERYTHING I WAS GOING TO FEED YOU.

SO, YOU HAVE **NOTHING** LEFT? NOTHING THAT YOU **LOVE?**

I DUNNO...I GUESS I DO HAVE TWO THINGS LEFT.

BUT--

IF I'M BEING HONEST, I'D HAVE TO SAY IT'S REALLY *"TOUGH LOVE"*.

AAAYYYUUGHH--

NO! PLEASE-- *NO! NO! NO! N--*

KRUNCH SCHLURP SLUUURP

WHAT NOW, MONSTER? EAT ME, TOO?

OH, I WAS **NEVER** GOING TO EAT YOU, ERNEST.

YOU'RE LIKE ME--ABLE TO BELIEVE IN THE VALUE OF SOMETHING EVEN WHEN IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR OTHERS TO SEE.

NO, YOU'RE MY FRIEND, AND THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHERS JUST LIKE US...

COME. I'LL SHOW YOU.

HRRMMM

DAD?
DAD...

DAAAAAAD--

THERE'S A *MONSTER* UNDER MY BED!

WHAT A DELICIOUS TALE! NEVER BE AFRAID TO CONSUME THAT WHICH YOU LOVE! AND THOSE THAT MOCK AND TEASE YOU...

THEY CAN MEET THE MONSTER INSIDE!

END

BURN, BABY, BURN!

YEAH! HURLEY FOR PRESIDENT!

HEY, WHERE'D THE GOVERNOR GO? HE'S MISSING ALL THE FUN!

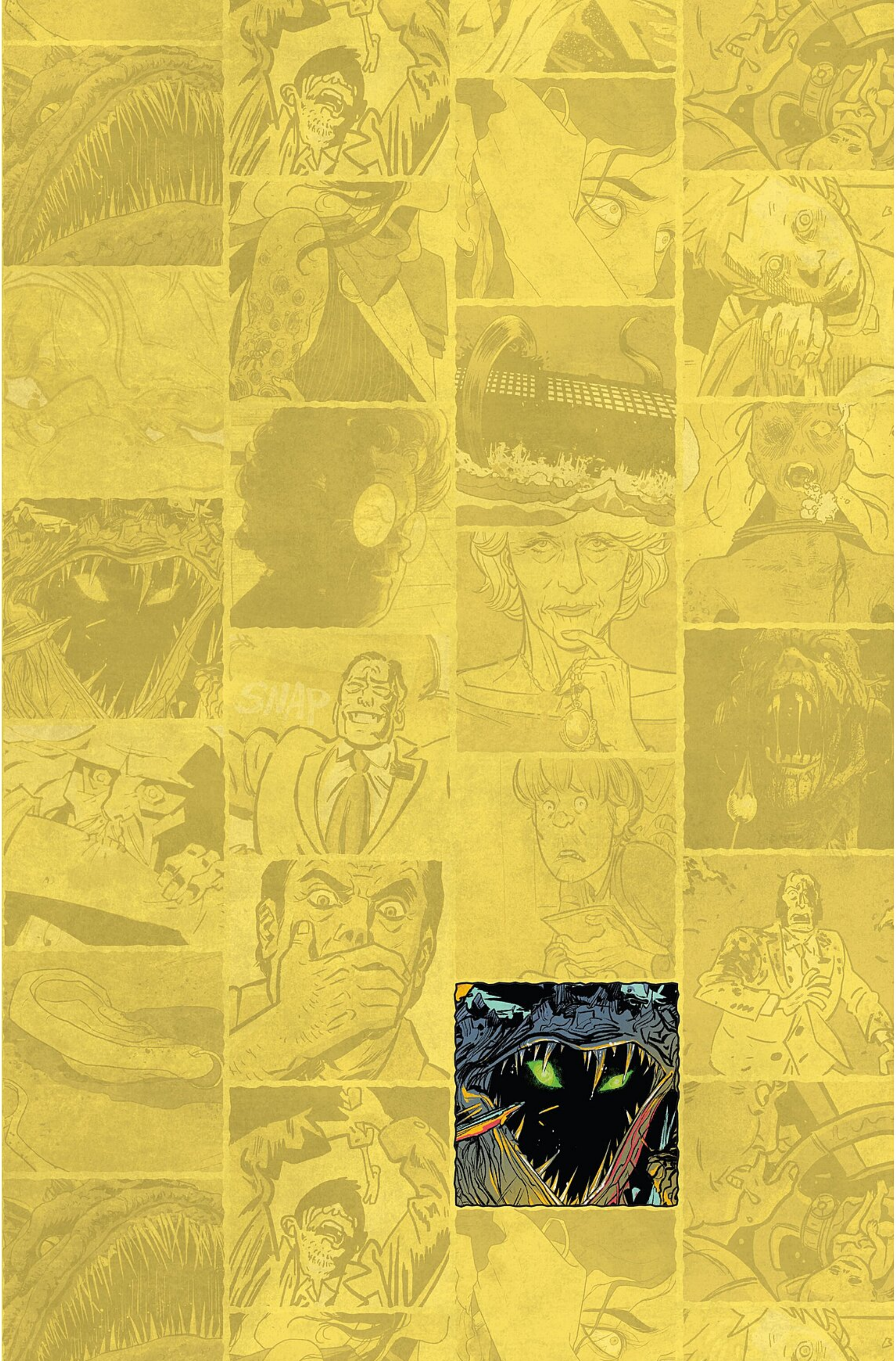
HURLEY FOR PRESEDENT

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE GOVERNOR'S POLITICAL CAREER IS *ON FIRE!*

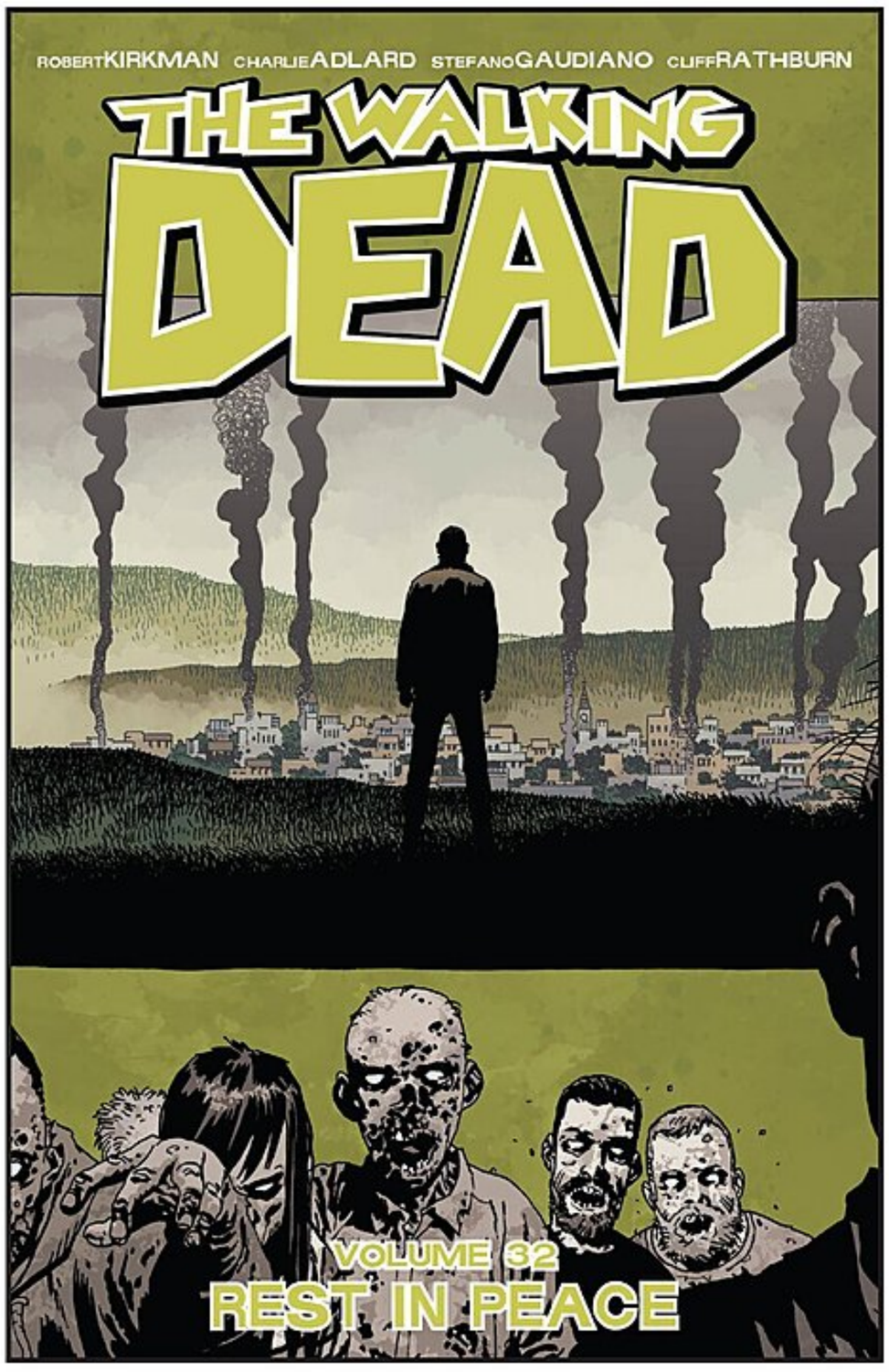
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS *HOT* LITTLE TALE! UNTIL NEXT TIME--STAY CREEPY AND *KEEP READING!*

THE PYROMANIAC POLITICIAN

END



FOR MORE TALES FROM ROBERT KIRKMAN AND SKYBOUND



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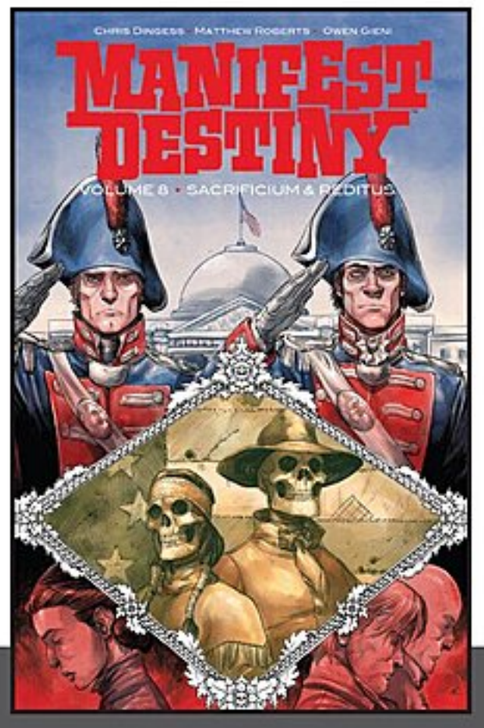

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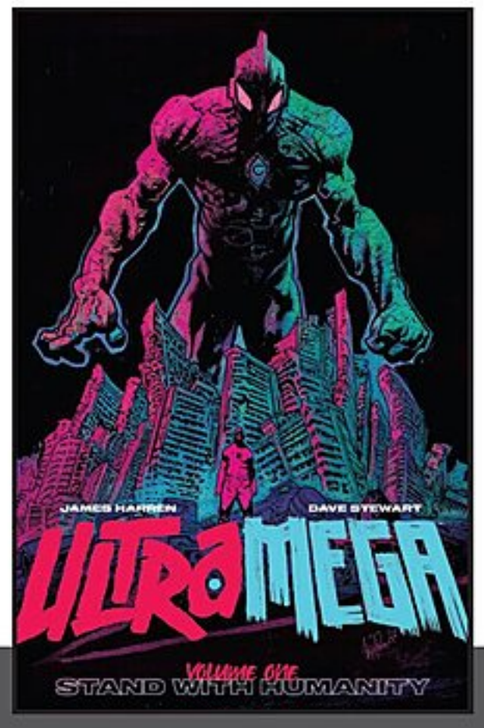

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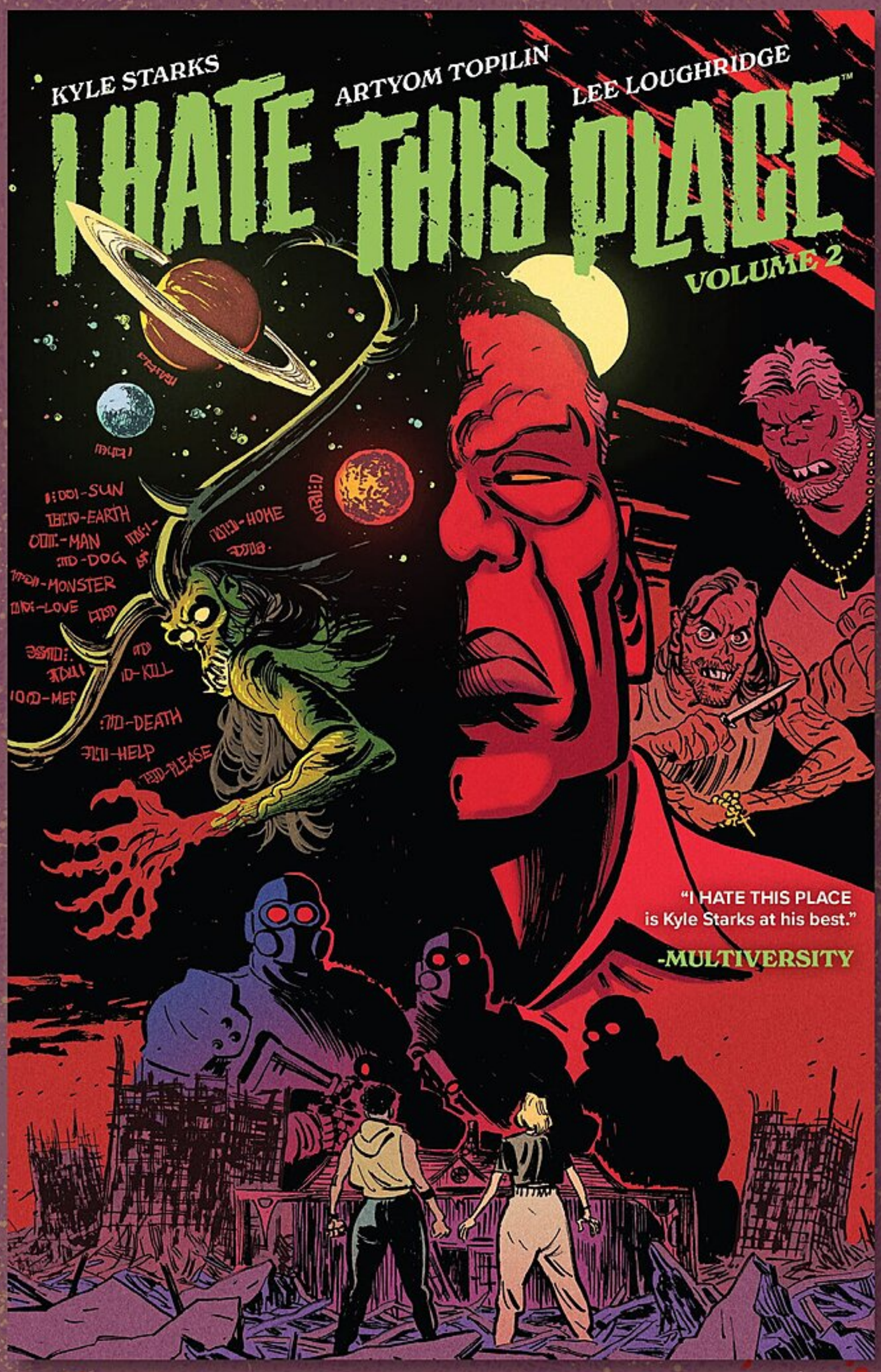

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HELLO, HOWARD!
JOHNATHAN! NO! NO! AAAAGH!
THE END
...NOW ALL IS PEACEFUL IN SPRINGFIELD... FOR THERE IS NO MORE GOSSIP.. THEY HAVE LEARNED THAT THOU SHALT... HEAR NO EVIL... SEE NO EVIL... SPEAK NO EVIL!
The End

...AND I AM NOT A NUT BAG

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